THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRELAND'S ANCIENT ORDER.

The Hibernians Assemble in Their Might at Gardner's Park, on Sunday, July 21, and Have a Most Agreeable Time.

Oratory, Games and Terpsichore Combine to Make the Day Delightful.

Gardner's Park a few years since was a little hillock among the frog ponds of the Calumet region, but last Sunday it would remind one of a green hillside in "Erin far away." Thousands of lads and lasses crowded the pleasant sward where were held the athletic sports and joined in "tripping the light fantastic" to the sweet music of Roddy's band, or laughing at the escapes of the poor dolls from the erratic eyes of the man who was bound to shoot something. The Ancient Order men were kings for the day, and were to be found everywhere, either wearing the splendid uniform of the Hibernian Knights, the neat regalia of the division officers or the modest button of the members. A bright sun, a cool breeze, pleasant company and Irish hosts; what more could be wanted to make the Cook county picnic a success socially and financially? At the gate Mr. P. O'Sullivan of Div. 8 watched the receipts all day, and though but recovering from a severe illness, remained at his post until the grounds were closed in the evening. He was ably assisted by Messrs. Gannon and O'Brien of Div. 35, County President Henely, and Treasurer M. E. Lynch. Daniel Collins kept his eye on the income tax. President Reilly of Div. 29, assisted by President John Hanrahan of Div. 2 and Bartley Owens of Div. 36, watched the gates. County Secretary Frank Conroy was in charge of the games, and with his pockets bulging out with prizes led the way to the arena on the ridge. The usual number of inquiries were made as to where the supply is obtained for Mr. Conroy's inexhaustable fund of good humor and perfect impartiality. Assisted by Messrs. Tully, Walsh and Thomas, Mr. Conroy, with his genial smile, dispensed the prizes to the panting contestants, and the young men and ladies, together with the little ones, were happy that each victory was earned. Mr. Conroy held his post with the best of success until with thoughtless courage he stood as the winning post in the fat ladies' race, and in an exciting finish was lost to sight under the heavy shock of two fainting light weights—250 and 300 pounds respectively; he now declares there will be a judge's stand next year. The tug-of-war was a very interesting event, and will be an open contest in future years.

In the groups surrounding the games were noticed the Rev. Fathers Scanlan and Reynolds, also Messrs. M. J. Kelly, Daniel O'Connor, Judge Foley, John E. Long, P. T. O'Sullivan and Owen and P. Dever of South Chicago. Charles Corkery of Kensington, with several members of Div. 29, were the ready assistants of the committee of arrangements, and with Martin Mulcahy gave splendid aid when called on. The appearance of the Hibernian Knights on guard duty was a source of considerable pride to the county officers, a credit to the gallant members of the company and a gratification to every Hibernian present. Their splendid discipline and dignified bearing lent much to inspire a feeling of respect for the Order in the minds of the visiting stranger. Div. 23 were heartily congratulated on the splendid appearance of the Uniform Rank.

A shrill bugle note from the dancing platform announced that County President Henely was about to introduce the speakers named on the programme. State President John T. Keating was introduced as chairman, and in assuming that position made a few remarks, in substance as follows: The magnificent gathering around me, excelling by hundreds the numbers who assembled here a year ago, proves our work of that day has met with your approval, that the regard for the merits of our grand old Order has increased, and that the interest of the community is awake in the progress and work of our society. In behalf of the A.O.H. of Cook county I welcome you, and assure you that the kindly recognition of our labors which you give us by your presence here today is appreciated by a society whose membership guarantees to the community in which our divisions exist, that each brother is a good citizen of the nation, and a steadfast defender of the principles of the republic. The Hibernian of Cook county comes before you today as devoted to the flag of his adopted country as were the men of the same race who signed with Carroll the Declaration of Independence; who with Sullivan won on March 17, 1775, the first victory on American soil over the troops of our hereditary enemy; who stood behind the cotton bales at New Orleans with Jackson; who faced the cannon with Shields at Chapultepec; who spurred their horses in Sheridan's fiery charge, or who marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. Time does not lessen the devotion of the Hibernian to the Stars and Stripes; it is "bequeathed as a rich legacy" from sire to son. In the present day, when capitalistic machinations endanger the perpetuity of our institutions, when the poison of disrespect for the holiest of our institutions the ballot box, the bulwark of our liberties, is attempted by the designing, to be instilled into the minds of the youth of our nation, the men who now wear the green and gold are as ready to protect the charter of freedom bequeathed by the fathers of the republic as the men of their race in the past gave their lives that we may enjoy the blessings of liberty. Give us your men for membership in our Order and we guarantee to the wife a truer husband, to the mother a more loving son, to the child a better father. Our works speak for us, and our deeds advertise us. We are with the sick and dying to cheer their bedside, with the widow and orphan to comfort them in their sorrow, and we follow the departed to the grave. We go even further: we care for those remains so that in after years when the absent ones visit the "city of the dead" they will find marked and identified the spot where lie the ashes of those they loved. I now have the honor to introduce to you the president of Division No. 1, who though but a few years a member, has already learned to value, and is well capable of expounding to you, the merits and worth of the A.O.H. I introduce to you Bro. M. J. Maloney.

After expressing his gratification at being present on the platform at an A. O. H. picnic, he said: The object of today's demonstration is to raise a sum sufficient to erect a monument on the A. O. H. burial plot in Mount Olivet cemetery, and I must confess that the splendid attendance of Irish men and women here today demonstrates, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the grand old Order has friends and admirers in the great World's Fair city. Speaking of the A. O. H. monument, you and I know that too often in the past have the bodies of friendless Irishmen in this great city been silently and secretly consigned to the pauper's grave, a fact that has not spoken out to the credit of our race in America, because we have a religious veneration for the dead bodies of our loved ones. Clinging as we do to the teaching of that grand old church, which teaches us that the bodies of Christians in lifetime are the temples of the Holy Ghost, we certainly feel and believe that the bodies that in lifetime enshrine the Holy Ghost, should at death repose in consecrated soil and not in the pauper's grave. It is, therefore, to prevent a repitition of the sad misfortune thus complained of, that the A. O. H. have purchased a suitable burial lot in which in the future shall repose the ashes of all friendless Hibernians. And from the proceeds of today's demonstration I hope to see a substantial monument erected on that spot, one that will speak in trumpet tongue to future generations the grand philantrophy of our beloved Order.

A word about our grand old Order. It is a venerable institution; characterized by the noblest purposes; an organization that inculcates loyalty to country, love to church, and a true and steadfast devotion to each other. Its story and its record are one grand sweet song that should inspire the Irish-American with a spirit of emulation to increase its ranks and build up new divisions so that every Irish parish in Cook County could boast of a division, and our Order boast of a membership of 20,000. I repeat today what I have often said in the past, that 10,000 stalwart Irishmen in the St. Patrick's Day parade, on each recurring 17th of March, would so completely put our enemies to fright that they would run to some secure hiding-place, from which they would not emerge till again the same pitiable condition presented itself; that I today complain of—disunity among Irishmen, a condition that does not speak encouragingly for the future of our race in America. Every nationality in our cosmopolitan city is organized in good, strong societies save ourselves, and God knows, we Irishmen in America should unite under the banner of the A.O.H., because against our race, above all other races in America, the shafts of bigotry are most fiercely aimed. United action the world over is a grand prequisite of success; without that no movement, however grand, has been successful. Is it not time we Irishmen boasted of united action? I hope the Irish in America will soon learn that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." When they learn this, I look for the dawn of better days for our race, a day that will bring out a great increase of membership in our Order. When we see that, our hearts will rejoice, because we will realize the consummation of the grand work our countrymen are engaged in; a work of good to themselves, their native country, and their loved ones; a work that will result in the consummation of our two greatest hopes, "The freedom of Ireland and the elevation of the Irish race in America." After dwelling at some length on the benefits of the Order, Mr. Maloney closed his address by appealing to all Irishmen to become members of the A. O. H., and retired amid great applause.

Chairman Keating then introduced Mr. P. B. Flanagan, ex-county president of the Order. The gentleman was greeted warmly by those in the audience who recognized in him a Hibernian of courage and devotion, whose help was ever ready when a brother was in need, and who was ever ready to defend the Order and its members. We regret that we are not able to publish verbatim Mr. Flanagan's address, which, we believe, was one of the best we have heard in behalf of the race and the society. He began with a brief review of the history of the A. O. H. from the days they guarded the priest in the mountain glen to their arrival on America's free soil. He told of the efforts of the early emigrants to establish colonies of the Irish people in the great West. The helpless condition of many of the newcomers, the danger to faith and person, their distress when ill, their destitution when death darkened their humble homes, all compelled association and organization for mutual protection in the shadow of Mother Church. The effect the organization had on the people was marked at an early date, even by the most casual observer. The old factional lines dividing the people were blotted out, and mutual good feeling and reciprocity were increased. Self-respect and devotion to the institutions of their adopted country became marked. In the hour of success no names shone brighter than those who were members of the A. O. H. In the hour of danger no arm was more ready to defend, no heart beat warmer in the nation's cause than the arm and heart of the Hibernian. Take from among the stars who adorn your battle history the names of Sullivan, Barry, Montgomery, Meade and Sheridan, and their lustre gone, the constellation of Columbia's heroes will grow dim. Blot out from the illustrious names which adorn the records of your jurisprudence, remove from your congress-roll, take from the narrative of your commercial enterprise the names, the careers, the ventures of those of Irish birth and descent and your tale of a country's progress will lose its most interesting chapters.

Give ear to the story of the Irish-American and you listen to the history of the A. O. H. Read the progress of the Celtic race on this continent and you peruse the record of the A. O. H. Watching by the sick-bed, protecting the fatherless, caring for the widow, you find the Hibernian. Go to the "city of the dead" and you will see him decorating the grave of a brother who is gone. Ever true, ever loving, ever patriotic, best of citizens and noblest Christian is the member of the A. O. H. The speaker concluded with an appeal to the vast audience to give the attention to the claims of the A. O. H. that their merits deserve, and the community will find that fact of membership in the Order is a certificate of good citizenship and a proof of devotion to the Republic. At the conclusion of Mr. Flanagan's address the chairman introduced two little ladies, about 8 years of age, daughters of Bro. Garland, of Division 17. The little ones sweetly rendered "The Three Leaves of Shamrock" in excellent voice, and were followed by a stirring address from Judge Foley, of South Chicago, which, want of space, compels us to omit. The speaking over, dancing was resumed and continued until 10 o'clock, when the vast concourse of people quietly dispersed and concluded the second annual picnic of the Cook County Hibernians.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

[*To the Editor.*]

Dragged at the triumphal wheels of the Tory chariot, Ireland, at the close of fifteen years of persistent parliamentary agitation, presents a melancholy spectacle before the nations. Yet the situation is not altogether sombre. There are elements of bright hope. We may well cherish more radiant visions of her exiled sons, with sympathies no longer alienated, coming to her rescue in the hour of her darkest need. Salisbury, with his "manacles and Manitoba," will be met with a cry of defiance from those who can make England's foreign policy a trying one. In that policy conservative England will be made to understand that there are elements of danger in dragooning Ireland.

Reducing her national representation in the imperial senate to eighty members will only have the natural effect of bringing to the surface the fiercer fires which underlie the Irish political soil. Abandoning parliamentary action, Ireland will look hopefully to the period when England, enmeshed in the toils of some powerful European rival, will be forced to repeat the story of Dungannon on broad and national lines; when the epitaph of Emmet will no longer remain unwritten, and when the "esto perpetua" of Grattan will be no mere empty phrase. In these opening prospects there is hope for Ireland. The revelations attending the disputes between the Healy-Dillon-McCarthyite, and we know not how many more factions, will be met by active sympathy with the New Movement. The false pledges of illustrious statesmen who were to devote the evening of life to Ireland's cause will no longer hold good. The Irish parliamentary crew, long since drifting upon the sea of West Britishism, must give place to men of other mold. Not alone in the senatorial field shall Ireland's brighter destinies be unfolded. There are other areas of action which the spur of desperation will urge as an incentive to daring action. The coming '48 or '67 movement can only be repeated when "the empire" is weak. Then let the Irish Goths repeat the history of the past and show the world that there can be no strength in a union devoid of the cemented forces of loyalty and force.

W. J. PURCELL.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

There is a new book on the market by the above title, and it is the work of the correspondent so well known to our readers, Eleanor Kirk. This author certainly has the courage of her convictions, for she evidently believes with all her heart and soul in the right and ability of every human being to retain indefinitely youth, beauty, and vitality. Whether this will be a more comforting doctrine to women than to men we cannot predicate., though men have the reputation of caring less for external appearances than their sisters. Still there are men who will be glad to read what Eleanor Kirk has to say on this subject, and we predict many converts to this new theory among women, especially middle-aged and elderly women, who deplore their wrinkles and failing faculties. They will be shown how to renew themselves, and the advice can not fail to benefit all who take it. "Perpetual Youth" is a startling volume, and it is as wholesome as startling. The price is $1. Idea Publishing Company, 696 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HUGH MAGUIRE.

The Superb Chief of Fermanagh, Who Was the Matchless Leader of Hugh O'Neill's Unbeatable Cavalry.

How He Defeated His Subsequent Leader While the Latter was Elizabeth's Ally, and, at Last, "Foremost Fighting Fell."

The member for West Clare is not the first Maguire to reach the distinction of being, for an hour or two, the most talked-of man in London. Two hundred and fifty-four years ago, almost exactly, there must, one fine morning, have been a vast deal of merry banter indulged in by the good citizens of the English capital over a certain event in the life of one of Mr. Maguire's kinsmen, which we generally put down as of at least equal importance with the event of marrying. It was not, however, so happy an event as that recently in St. Margaret's chapel, Westminster; for on the morning in question Connor, Lord Maguire of Fermanagh, nephew of Owen Roe O'Neill, lay headless on Tyburn Hill for being an Irish "rebel." Time plays queer pranks. And yet, notwithstanding Tyburn, I am sure many English men and women wondered whence came this curious name Maguire, and who were the Maguires, anyhow? It would be little information to *them*, I fear, to say that the Maguires sprang from one Colla-da-Cree, with his two brothers, completely annihilated the Red Branch Knights about seven centuries or so before the battle of Hastings. They might, however, understand if you told them that for over a thousand years the family ruled the county of Fermanagh. And in right royal style they ruled it too. They had castles in it at Portora, Monea and Enniskillen, and they kept high state, did these Maguires. They had their ollamhs, or bards, their hereditary brehons, or judges, their officers of state. When they marched to compel eric, or join their dynast, O'Neill, King of Ulster, McCaffrey, their hereditary standard-bearer, unfurled the banner of the Clan at the head of a thousand warriors. On the summit of the magnificent Cuilcagh, a mountain near Swanlinbar, on the borders of Cavan and Fermanagh, "The Maguire" was inaugurated as Prince of Fermanagh, standing before a stone chair of state, with his people around him.

The laws were read by the Brehon, the oath was administered by the Co-arb of Clogher, the white wand of sovereignty was placed in the chief's hand, the standard was unfurled, and the slipper put on. And then, amid the clanging of bucklers, the music of a hundred harps, and the ringing cheers of thousands of the Clan Mac Uidher, he was prohlaimed "The Maguire." Tributary to the great O'Neills, to whom they were often allied in marriage, the Maguires were nearly always true to their suzerains, though within their own territory they reigned as independent princes. And the last real prince of the line was probably the greatest, the stout Hugh, namely, who was one of the immediate causes of forcing Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, into the nine years' war against the power of Elizabeth. The Lord Deputy, Fitzwilliam, having sent Maguire word that he must admit the sheriff into Fermanagh to execute the queen's writs, Hugh answered him, "Your sheriff shall be welcome, but let me know his eric (how much his life is worth), that if my people should cut off his head I may levy it upon the country." The sheriff, however, appeared, one Capt. Willis; but, with his posse comitatus, the captain presently found himself besieged in a church, from which, curiously enough, he was relieved by O'Neill, at this time in alliance with the English. Soon afterwards Maguire led his men south, fought and beat Sir Richard Bingham, governor of Connaught, and slew Sir William Clifford at Tulsk, in Roscommon. He then fought the battle of Athcullen, on the Erne, against Marshal Bagnall, and forced O'Neill, who had charged across the river at the head of the English horse, to re-cross it after being severely wounded.

In 1594 he defeated Bingham at the Ford of Biscuits—so called because Sir George had to leave his biscuits behind him—and compelled the garrison of Enniskillen to surrender. In 1595 he devastated the country of "the Queen's O'Reilly." And, finally, when O'Neill rose in alliance with Red Hugh O'Donnell, Maguire joined his standard, and stood to it till his death. He was with the leader at Clontibret, where Sir John Norris was beaten, at Killcloony, where both the lord deputy, Sir William Russell, and Norris were routed with a loss of 600, and—in 1596—at Mullaghbrack, where his splendid handling of the cavalry was the chief contributing influence to the victory of the Irish. Two years later he was at the great fight of the Yellow Ford, where Marshal Bagnall and about 3,000 of the English were slain. Next year he was with O'Donnell in Thomond, where he took the castle of Inchiquin; and in 1600 he accompanied O'Neill into Leinster and Munster, again as commander of the horse. It was here he met his death, quite close to Cork. Going out one day with a small party to reconnoitre, he met Sir Warham St. Leger, vice-president of the province, with a strong force, in a narrow defile. Maguire dashed into the midst of the enemy, and was met with a bullet from Sir Warham's pistol, which proved his death-wound. He, however, summoned all his strength, and cleft the vice-president's head through buckler and helmet, leaving him dead on the spot. Then he fought his way back to camp through the opposing horsemen. He died the next day in O'Neill's presence.

A splendid Irish chief, indeed, was Hugh Maguire, the Lord of Fermanagh, and it is no wonder that the Four Masters styled him "The bulwark of valor and prowess, the shield of protection and shelter, the tower of support and defense, and the pillar of hospitality and achievements of the Oirghialla and almost all the Irish of his time." One of the finest odes, written in Irish, will preserve his memory, perhaps, after his deeds are forgotten. It was written by his bard, O'Hussey, at a time of misfortune; and the *Spectator*, discussing Clarence Mangan's translation of the lines a few weeks ago, declared that, except "King Lear," it knew of no poem which so well described the storms of wind and rain and darkness that vex the Northern lands. "Never," it wrote, "has the passion of the rain-storm that blends heaven and earth and confounds land and sky, entered more potently into the poet's heart than in these verses." Here is the last stanza of the poem:

Hugh marched forth to the fight—I
grieved to see him so depart;
And, lo! tonight he wanders frozen, rain-
drenched, sad betrayed—
But the memory of the limewhite man-
sions his right hand hath laid
In ashes, warms the hero's heart!

This remarkable Irishman was succeeded by his brother Con, but the strength and glory of the Maguires had departed, and we find Con sailing away from Ireland and Fermanagh seven years subsequently with the Earls of Tyrconnell and Tyrone. He lived but a very short time abroad, for he died at Genoa in 1608, and was buried there by the Franciscans in their church of Annunsiata. "The Maguire's Country' now became the country of strangers—undertakers and planters from England and Scotland. One of the family was allowed to keep 2,000 acres at Tempodessil, and Connor Roe, "The Queen's Maguire," got 18,300 acres. Connor Roe's son became Baron of Enniskillen, married a sister of Owen Roe O'Neill, and became the father of the Connor Lord Maguire, who was hanged on Tyburn Hill. The title, however, was assumed by his son and descendants, the last of whom, Alexander Maguire, called the eighth baron, was a captain in [illegible]ley's regiment in the Irish Brigade in the service of France. Indeed, many of the Maguires became distinguished officers in the French and Austrian armies. You will catch flashes of the Maguire sword in Ireland, too, right through the Cromwellian and Williamite wars, and the descendants of the Maguire of Tempo, just named, the "Senior of the race," kept their little Fermanagh estate right through the Penal times down to the opening of the present century, when the property passed from Mr. Constantine Maguire into the hands of a Belfast merchant. Mr. Maguire was a gentleman of good education and polished manners. After leaving Tempo he resided on a small property he had near Cahir, in Tipperary, where, in the most mysterious and barbarous manner, he was assassinated on Nov. 1, 1834. The murdered man was succeeded as chief of his race by Capt. Bryan Maguire, the famous duelist, who, however, did not inherit any of the ancient patrimony. Capt. Bryan's adventures in Malabar and India while an officer of a native regiment, would fill several volumes; indeed the worthy captain published his memoirs in 1812. He was once attacked by another officer at Cochin with a sword, in a billiard room; Maguire defended himself with a billiard-cue and killed his man.

After this he had to clear away, got to Calicut, started for Bombay in an open boat, failed, stole, with his six Lascar servants, a Portuguese vessel from the roads of Goa, was attacked by a pirate, scared the pirate off by firing his only gun at him, "an iron four-pound swivel, crammed with iron balls rolled up in an old worsted stocking," and reached Bombay in safety. Finally he was cashiered for his dueling. At home in Ireland, however, the captain was equally active, got arrested for debt, fought more duels, made whisky out of an old kettle in prison, puzzling the wits of the governors to know how his companions in confinement became inebriated; practiced shooting from his windows in St. Andrew's street, Dublin, at the cross on the "Round Church," and, when pursued by officers of justice to the county Wicklow, fortified a thatched cabin, mounted a brass field-piece, and defied his enemies. When the news of his brother's murder was conveyed to the once dashing officer, and the announcement that he was now the chief of the Maguires, the poor fellow was living in a waste-house at Clontarf Sheds, in the most miserable condition, almost completely furnitureless, bedless and clotheless; but not without his old gun and a brace of rusty pistols. His second and only remaining child, Charles, was with him, a fine boy of 14. In the next year, 1835, he was ejected from this last abode, and died soon afterwards at Finglas. His son Charles remained with him to the last; and all that we know of the last man who was entitled to be called "The Maguire" is that he went on board a merchant vessel as a common sailor. He was never heard of more.

Such was the senior branch of this historic family, from which Mr. Rochfort Maguire's people sprang some eight or ten generations ago. And if the stories that are told of the exploits of the member for West Clare in Africa are true, it is clear that he has inherited not a little of the qualities and characteristics of the family. Indeed the fact is amply demonstrated by his latest achievement. Has there been any county in Ireland more harassed by the Royal Irish constabulary than the county of Clare? And who created the Royal Irish constabulary? Look up your Irish history, and you will find that the descendant of Colla-da-Cree, the representative of the rebel county of Clare, has, in this marriage with the daughter of the speaker of the English hause of commons, made a brave effort to pay back with interest the deep debt we owe the memory of a certain Irish chief secretary and English prime minister for establishing the Irish "Peelers." It is a significant incident, mind you, in what Mr. Grant Allan calls "The Revolt of the Celt."—*Irish Independent.*

PERSONAL.

At Dension, in Crawford county, Iowa, lives and labors a modest little man named P. E. C. Lally. His business card in our columns is familiar to the eyes of *Northwestern Catholic* readers; and the man himself is a familiar figure among Irish Nationalists on both sides of the ocean. His legion of friends among our readers will rejoice with us over the brilliant success that he has achieved as a lawyer in Crawford and adjacent counties. His natural instincts have led him to make a specialty of cases against corporations, securing the rights of those who have suffered at the hands of railway, insurance and other companies. He never wastes ammunition on dead ducks. He makes sure that he is right before he commences a suit; and the record runs that in the prosecution of these actions, he never lost a case.—*Northwestern Catholic.*

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Lake Excursions.

The great whaleback steamship Christopher Columbus, leaves at 9 o'clock every morning from Rush street bridge, for Milwaukee, and starts on its return trip from that city at 5 p.m. The accommodations on this boat cannot be excelled. The trip is invigorating and pleasant.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

CAUGHT IN A WRECK.

TRAIN CRASHES THROUGH A BRIDGE IN COLORADO.

Wife of the Bridge Engineer Among the Dead—Twenty Cars Piled on Top of the Victims—Steampipe Bursts on Board the Unfortunate Ericsson.

DENVER, July 18.—A special to The Times from Monument, Colo., says: The local freight on the Santa Fe road fell through the bridge at this place, burying beneath the wreck Mrs. Albert Cooper, and a number of the Santa Fe bridge gang who were rebuilding the bridge. Twenty cars are piled promiscuously on top of the victims. As near as can be learned the local freight, loaded heavily with lumber and stone, passed upon the bridge. As the engine neared the south end the workmen underneath saw the bridge rock and shouted an alarm to their comrades. Before the danger could be realised the engine and twenty cars came crashing through, burying those who could not get out of the way beneath the crushing weight.

Three Killed and Three Fatally Hurt.

Three persons were killed; three others will die. The immense weight of the train, bridge timbers and stones fell on Mrs. Cooper, who had just brought her husband's lunch. Conductor Glase jumped and was saved, as did Fireman Frye. J. C. Childers, boss carpenter, saw the peril of Mrs. Cooper and jumped off the bridge to save her, and was carried under the ruins with her. The bridge was over a gulch known as Dirty Woman's gulch. It has always been a frail structure and this awful catastrophe was frequently predicted.

The work of clearing the wreck is being pushed rapidly. But for the bodies underneath the debris would be burned. The cars are ground into splinters, and are mixed in with heavy bridge timbers, stone and freight.

List of the Casualties.

The list of killed and wounded is as follows: Killed—Mrs. Albert Cooper and J. C. Childers, Kansas City, Mo.; unknown tramp. Injured—Mark Wickens, engineer; Charles Gardner, brakeman, J. N. Erby, brakeman—all three fatally; James Call, hip broken; Henry Allen, broken leg; Charles Bua, leg broken; Wallace Cooper, Lamar, Colo., head cut and back hurt; J. W. Cole, bridge contractor, broken arm; Charles Stonehouse, foreman bridge gang, both legs broken; H. C. Beckert, head and shoulders cut; —— Shaw, hip crushed, head cut; Chas. Hallock, back hurt.

GREAT FIRE AT CINCINNATI.

Two Firemen Killed and Eighteen Other Persons Injured.

CINCINNATI, O., July 18.—Two firemen were killed and eighteen injured at the fire that started in Seaman's tobacco warehouse. Loss, $175,000, well insured.

Following are the dead: Captain Michael M. Healy, fire company No. 20; Thomas W. Wiseby, pipeman company 8. Lieutenant F. B. Newman, of No. 20, was dangerously hurt; Theodore Simpson, bookkeeper, hip fractured; Louis Busch, aeronaut, skull fractured. The others were painfully injured, but are doing well.

The fire started in the five-story hay and feed warehouse of J. H. Hermesch & Company, at Water and Walnut streets. It spread so as to threaten the entire square bounded by Walnut, Water, Vine and Front streets, and another alarm soon called out the whole fire department. The flames at times came near reaching the buildings across the streets. The warehouse went up like an explosion. Then the fire spread to Nelson, Morris & Company's large stables, but their large warehouse stood fire proof.

NINE MINERS IMPRISONED.

Caught in a Cave-in of Rock in the Pewabic Mine.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich., July 18.—Just as the miners in the Pewabic mine were quitting work an immense cave-in of rock occurred on the first level, and nine miners were imprisoned. It is feared that some of the men were caught and crushed to death. Fully forty feet of rocks and timber must be excavated before the men can be released. Communication has been established with the imprisoned miners by hammering on a pipe which supplies the room with air.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Minn., July 20.—Hundreds of people surrounded the shaft of the Pewabic mine when the rescuing party penetrated the fallen rock and reached the chamber where nine men had been imprisoned since 6 o'clock Wednesday evening. The men were all alive and unhurt, but they looked the worse for their experience, as they had had no drinking water and nothing to eat at all. They had drifted into the fallen rock from their side twenty feet. Superintendent Brown had nourishment ready for them, and after partaking of it they were all driven to their respective homes.

ACCIDENT ON THE ERICSSON.

Five Sailors Scalded by the Bursting of a Hot Water Pipe.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 18.—Five sailors, members of the engineer's gang on the torpedo boat Ericsson, were terribly scalded by the bursting of a hot water pipe in the engine room while the boat was out on a run preliminary to her speed trial, which is soon to take place. The men were all brought to this city in the lighthouse tender Cactus. Their names and residences are as follows: Austin Williams, New York city; Joseph Hamilton, New York City; David Cody, Jersey City; William Merwin, Dubuque, Ia.; Jacob Strinsky, Dubuque, Ia.

Two Little Girls Killed.

CINCINNATI, July 18.—Two little girls about 10 years of age, the daughters of John Beiverle and William Kirchaner, were killed at Fleischman's malt house. The children were playing in the path of the circular elevator when the engineer got a signal to start it. They were run down and terribly mangled.

Fire Makes a Hole in the Town.

OELWEIN, Ia., July 18.—The business part of Altavesta, Ia., a small town on the Chicago Great Western railway, about fifty miles north of here, was nearly consumed by fire. The fire started in a barn and is supposed to have been set by tramps. The loss reported is $30,000; insurance, $17,000.

THE HARVEY-HORR DISCUSSION.

Rages on the Fifth Day Around the Question of Ratio.

CHICAGO, July 23.—On the fifth day of the Harvey-Horr debate Horr opened with a written argument touching the impossibility of maintaing a fixed ratio between gold and silver. As the result of experience all of the civilized nations of the globe had discarded silver as standard money. 'Twas useless exploit to long tables of ratios to show whether double standard could be maintained. The world had pronounced against silver.

Harvey then defined scientific bimetallism to be free coinage of both gold and silver at an assumed ratio; change in size of gold dollar whenever the parity between gold and silver coins should require; the option to both individuals and government to pay in the cheaper money. He held that under these circumstances silver would not depreciate, because there would be an unlimited demand at the ratio fixed by law and no man would sell his bullion below the price at which he could have it coined.

Harvey submitted a table to show that from 1687 up to 1873 the commercial ratio had remained remarkably close to the legal ratio, notwithstanding the demonetization of silver by England and other great nations of the world. Horr then took up the proposition in Harvey's book that making the dollar one-half its present value would double the value of everything in the United States, except debts. Horr said we might as well say that if we cut our yards-sticks in two it would double the amount of cloth in the country.

Harvey, referring to cutting the yard stick in two, said that the gold men had doubled the yard stick in 1873. He asked whether, if half the gold in the world were destroyed, the value of the gold dollar would not be doubled. Horr shook his head. Harvey said he would illustrate it in another way, which farmers would understand. If half the wheat crop in the United States were destroyed would not the price of wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade be doubled?

Horr, in reply to the charge that the demonetization of silver cut the value of products in two, said that if that were true prices would have at once dropped 50 per cent. The destruction of half the wheat crop would raise prices four fold. The demonetization of silver did not destroy it. Horr said that Harvey did not care for ratio. What he wanted was a cheap dollar and cheapening the emoluments of labor.

Harvey said that the gold men had thrown some 4,000,000 of workingmen out of employment and had put some of them in prison because they objected to having their wages decreased. Horr said the fact was that from '79 to '93 our people were better employed and at better wages than in any other same number of years since the government was formed.

Harvey asked Horr not to refer to the "prosperity" of the country from '73 to '93. The word "tramp" was coined in '73, and the United States census showed that depression had been increasing at this proportionate ratio. The "prosperity" had built up millionaires and multi-millionaires and strewed this country with millions of tramps, paupers, and men that don't know how they are going to provide for their families.

Horr said that the cheap price of silver was on account of its overproduction. Silver had become cheap in this world just precisely the same as wheat, iron, zinc, lead, and other articles had been been cheapened. All these articles had been cheapened by natural laws which govern the production of every substance known to producers in the world. Gold also had depreciated in value in less than a hundred years 80 per cent.

He said the fact that labor, which was the best measure of value, was better paid now than it was in 1849 or 1860, showed that was cheaper. Harvey replied that to say that gold and products had cheapened simultaneously was a financial contradiction. "You buy gold by exchanging other property for it. When it takes more property to buy gold than formerly, gold has risen."

This ended the day's debate.

SCORES DROWNED.

Many Lives Lost in a Steamship Disaster in the Gulf of Genoa.

GENOA, July 22.—The Italian steamers Ortega and Mariap collided off Isola del Pinta at the entrance of the Gulf of Genoa. The latter sank and 148 people were drowned. The Mariap was bound from Naples to La Plata. There was a crew of seventeen and the passengers numbered 173. She was calling here en route to her destination. She was entering the Gulf of Genoa at 1:30 o'clock in the morning when she met the Ortega outbound. They only noticed each other when a collision was inevitable. The bow of the Ortega crashed into the starboard side of the Mariap, penetrating six yards and ripping up the Mariap like matchwood. The water rushed in through the hole and the Mariap sank in three minutes.

The majority of the passengers were asleep at the time of the accident and had no time to escape after the alarm was given. They were engulfed with the vessel. The Ortega remained on the spot until 6 a. m. in order to pick up the survivors. She rescued fourteen of the crew and twenty-eight of the passengers of the Mariap. Other steamers were dispatched to the scene of the disaster to search for further survivors. The Ortega's bow was smashed for a space of twelve feet along the water line. There is some comment upon the fact brought to mind by the disaster that the Ortega once collided on the same spot with the French steamer Oncle Joseph.

At the conclusion of the sitting of the chamber at Rome the minister of marine announced the news of the disaster in the midst of profund silence, adding that an officer, a seaman, a stoker and 145 passengers of the Mariap had perished. The Ortega had twenty-five passengers on board. The Mariap's captain was named Ferrara. The chamber has ordered an inquiry into the disaster.

Cashier and Funds Missing.

RICHMOND, Mo., July 17.—Cashier L. T. Parrish, of the Farmers' bank of Orrick, Mo., has left that place quietly and it is said that from $13,000 to $20,000 of the bank's money is also missing. An expert has been sent for. Parrish was last seen in Kansas City last Wednesday.

New Weather Sharp for Chicago.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Secretary Morton has appointed Edward B. Garriott, of Missouri, local forecast official in charge of the weather bureau in Chicago. He succeeds Willis L. Moore, the new chief of the weather bureau.

REDS WANT BLOOD.

Massacre of Settlers Is Imminent at Jackson's Hole.

MARLEY LAKE, Ida., July 23.—Thirty men left Jackson's Hole to arrest all Indians breaking the game laws of Wyoming. In Roback canon they surprised a camp of seventeen Indians and took them all prisoners and started with them for Jackson's Hole. In the canon they tried to escape and all the Indians were killed except one pappoose, who was brought into the Hole. There were 183 fresh elk skins in this camp.

John N. Carnes, a squaw man, and the eldest settler in Jackson's Hole, has gone over into Idaho and says every settler in Jackson's Hole will be butchered. There were 800 Bannock warriors on Boteck river when Carnes was here, and he says all the squaws have been sent away and that the bucks are daily joining the main band. Jackson's Hole settlers are now intrenched and awating the attack. Unless the cavalry gets there quick every settler between Jackson's Hole and this railway station is in danger of massacre.

YOUNG BAPTISTS ARE THROUGH.

Close of the Great Religious Convention in the Monument City.

BALTIMORE, July 22.—The service on Sunday morning—the beginning of the last day of the fifth annual international convention of the Baptist Young People's union—was particularly impressive. Delegates and visitors were present in great numbers in the mammoth tent and leave takings were begun. At 10 o'clock there was an adjournment to church services, the pulpit of every Evangelist church in Baltimore being occupied by a Baptist preacher.

In the afternoon there was a second praise and prayer service, Rev. B. E. Lovett, of Davenport, Ia., being the leader. During the afternoon service in the great tent there was a "junior rally" in the Fuller Memorial Baptist church. In the evening the closing ceremony was held, being largely a service of praise led by a great choir. A number of addresses were also delivered, among them one by President Chapman. During the singing the service was illuminated by heaven's electric light and heaven's artillery added to the sound of the chorus.

The end of the session was largely taken up with reports from different states, all of a glowing character. It was a love feast for the whole time, and did not close until 11 p. m., when the Baptist Young People's union convention closed for the year.

WANT HOLMES AT CHICAGO.

Where They Hope to Hang Him—Investigators Hurt in an Explosion.

CHICAGO, July 22.—It is the intention of the Chicago police to make every effort to have Holmes, the insurance swindler, brought here to answer the charge of having murdered the Williams' sisters. It has developed that the substance on which the first report of the finding of Minnie Williams was based was in the hands of Detective Geyer. It is said that he visited Chicago a week ago, and when he left he carried with him positive evidence that the body had been burned in the stove in Holmes' office. Another wife of Holmes has been found in the person of Mrs. H. H. Holmes, of Wilmette, a suburb of this city. This is his fourth.

While the workmen were digging in the cellar of the Sixty-third street house they came across a large tank, used by Holmes in experimenting on some new manufacturing process. Some of them got into the tank and the fumes nearly killed them. They were gotten out alive, but much prostrated. A match was lighted and an explosion took place, severely burning four men.

WOULD ENTER INTO SLAVERY.

What Spring Valley's Mayor Says of Some of the Miners There.

MASSILLON, O., July 19.—There having been much discussion here as to the accuracy of the report sent out from Spring Valley, Ills., to the effect that several hundred miners in that district had volunteered to enter into slavery if guaranteed the necessaries of life by the mine owners, an inquiry was sent to Mayor Delmagro, of Spring Valley, and the following reply has been received:

"I am unable to say whether our miners would accept such an offer as was described in the telegram. I firmly believe, however, that over one-half of them would be willing to sign such an ironclad contract."

Confessed to a Defalcation.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 22.—William J. Finch, cashier of the Sioux City branch of the American Biscuit and Manufacturing company, has confessed to a defalcation of $5,800 and is in jail under $6,000 bonds. Finch has worked for the company for years, and although his peculations began more than four years ago they were not discovered until the visit of the auditor ten days ago. Family extravagance is given as the motive for the dishonesty.

Fatal Cyclone in Michigan.

ST. CLAIR, Mich., July 20.—A disastrous cyclone swept over St. Clair yesterday afternoon, doing great damage and causing loss of life. Ernest Black's house was badly wrecked and an infant child killed by the flying timbers. Trees were twisted off close to the ground, chimneys were blown down and windows demolished.

THE DEATH RECORD.

PROFESSOR STEPHEN J. YOUNG of Bowdoin college, at Brunswick, Me.

JACOB L. MITCHENER, old-time beef packer, at Kansas City.

A. N. TOWNE, president and general manager of the Southern Pacific road, at San Francisco.

HON. JONATHAN BOWMAN, well-known banker and politician, at Kilbourn City, Wis.

MRS. CALVIN COWGILL, wife of the ex-congressman, at Wabash, Ind.

L. W. KADLEC, prominent druggist and politician of Chicago.

MILTON CARTER, pioneer citizen of Afton, Ia.

HON. ALEXANDER H. RICE, ex-governor of Massachusetts, at Melrose, Mass.

Professor F. D. ROBINSON, of the Kansas university, at Lawrence, Kan.

PATRICK MADDEN, pioneer citizen of Creston, Ia.

JOHN R. COFFROTH, one of Indiana's best-known attorneys, at La Fayette, Ind.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 17.—Only five senators were present when that body came to order and no business was done. In the house all labor arbitration bills were read the first time, as were revenue bills.

SPRINGFIELD, July 19.—The legislature was supplied with a report on state finances by the state treasurer, which showed liabilities from July 1, 1897, to July 1, 1898, of $4,700,140.08, and assets for the same time of $850,000. The senate adopted the report of the special committee on state revenue, which was based on the caucus committee's report declaring that there was sufficient revenue. Bills were introduced: To tax telephones and to regulate sleeping car charges; also a labor arbitration bill and some bills for reform of court practice. In the house bills were introduced: To punish bribery of legislators and fraudulent alteration of bills, etc. The labor arbitration bill was amended so as to apply to employers of twenty-five or more persons. The bill was completed in committee of the whole and advanced to third reading in the house.

At a caucus of the house Republicans it was decided to ask the senate to meet in joint caucus next Tuesday to decide on a policy for the session.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 20.—Representative Merriam had a resolution ready to introduce in the house, but the fact leaked out and the house adjourned when the journal had been read. Merriam's resolution is to investigate the alleged legislative boodlery which has been mooted so long. He had a seance with the steering committee later, and when he came out said he would act in the matter independently of steering committee or anybody else. In the senate a labor arbitration bill was reported favorably and advanced to second reading. Bills were introduced to tax express companies 1 per cent. and give the board of railway and warehouse commissioners the privilege of fixing their rates, and one to provide for penitentiary management as to the prisoners.

SPRINGFIELD, July 23.—The senate was in session but a few minutes and transacted little business. In the house quite a large number of bills were introduced, including one for the regulation of telephone companies, and one to regulate the employment of minors, providing among other things that no child under 14 shall be permitted to work in any mercantile institution, store, laundry, manufacturing establishment, or workshop in the state.

Silver Conference at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 20.—The executive committee appointed by the recent silver convention at Memphis has been in conference here with the members of the Bimetallic league, with ex-Representative Sibley as chairman. The issue discussed was the advisability of separate political action in the campaign of next year, and this developed a difficulty, the southern members wanting to work inside the Democratic party, and the northern men preferring a new party. The matter was smoothed over, but Henry S. Miller, of this city, a new party man, was elected permanent chairman, five of the seven members of the executive committee being of the same element.

The Mob at the Ball Game.

QUINCY, Ills., July 19.—After the ball game here a crowd made an attempt to lynch Umpire Frank Heath, of Pontiac, Ills., and was only prevented by the police and sheriff, the latter backed up by a posse. It was claimed that the umpire had "robbed" Quincy of the last two games. He was roughly handled before the officers could get him away from the crowd.

His Wife Dies of the Shock.

QUINCY, Ills., July 19.—J. H. Grosh was terribly injured in a runaway, was brought home and his wife died of the shock. She was a sister of Rev. Barton Cartwright, of Oregon, Ills., the oldest Methodist minister, in the west. Mrs. A. D. Kneitz also died yesterday. She was the oldest settler in Quincy, having come here in 1822.

Brave Girl Loses Her Life.

FAIRFIELD, Ills., July 22.—Miss Emma Swan, a photographer of this city, was drowned in the Little Wabash river, about twelve miles from here. She was one of five other girls who went to the assistance of Miss Grace Martin, who was drowning. Gentlemen of the party had to rescue those who were saved.

Notes of the State.

Governor Altgeld restored the rights of citizenship to Francis Sampson, of Swan Creek.

The grain elevator at Oswego, Ills., owned by J. N. Wayne, burned to the ground. It contained 6,000 bushels of oats, all of which was destroyed or badly damaged. The loss is $5,000; no insurance.

Creditors mourn the absence from Pana, Ills., of Dr. John W. Harrison, an eye and ear specialist.

It is denied that miners near Springfield, Ills., offered to go into slavery if guaranteed the necessaries of life.

Fire at Little York, Ills., burned two livery barns, the opera house and six business houses. Twenty horses were cremated. Loss, $16,000; insurance, $5,500.

Cloudburst in Iowa.

IOWA CITY, Ia., July 20.—Four and one-half inches of water resulted from a cloudburst and caused great damage to crops. Five hundred feet of the B., C. R. and N. tracks were washed out. Ralston creek went out of its banks and carried off bridges, sidewalks and fences. Several families in night robes waded out of the houses in four feet of water. The Rocky mountain flyer from the west on the Rock Island was ditched and the fireman's leg was broken. Passengers were badly shaken up.

Beck Is to Obey the Injunction.

OMAHA, July 20.—United States District Attorney Sawyer has wired Captain Beck to obey the state judge's injunction until it can be dissolved, which cannot take place before Aug. 12.

EXCITING SCENES IN SOFIA.

Panic and Hostile Demonstrations at Stambuloff's Funeral.

SOFIA, July 22.—The funeral of ex-Premier Stambuloff was prolific of exciting scenes in the streets. About 3 o'clock the funeral cortege started for the cathedral. The attendance of mourners and of the general public was small, owing to a notice placarded detailing accusations levelled against the deceased and urging the people not to take part in the obsequies. Three hundred paces from the house the spot was reached where M. Stambuloff fell by the daggers of the assassins. The cortege was held and M. Petchoff, who was with the deceased statesman when he was attacked and who was himself wounded, made a speech to the assemblage.

His head and arm were wrapped with bandages, where he had been stabbed. In an impassioned harangue he charged the enemies of Bulgaria with the terrible crime of murdering the man to whom the country owed her independence and the prince his throne. He was still speaking when a loud cry was raised: "Run for your lives." A terrible panic ensued, and the crowd became frantic and made a rush to escape, every one believing that fighting had begun. Men and women were trampled upon and the children carrying wreaths in a part of the procession threw down the flowers and fled screaming. A detachment of gendarmes rode up at a fast trot with swords drawn. Another moment their appearance increased the panic, but after awhile they succeeded in restoring order.

The funeral train had hardly started again when a second panic broke out, causing another confusion which decimated the ranks of the procession. Wreaths were thrown away and trampled under foot, while the bearers fled. Some order was again re-established, the bedraggled garlands were gathered up and the cemetery was finally reached. Here there was a shocking scene. The enemies of Stambuloff and the friends of Major Panitza, who was executed some years since for conspiracy at the instance of M. Stambuloff, had organized a hostile demonstration against the dead statesman.

The grave of Panitza had been bedecked with flowers and flags and a large crowd, who had been attending a requeim to his memory, assumed a menacing attitude in the path of the hearse. A detachment of cavalry galloped up just in time to prevent a collision. A band of Stambuloff's enemies was only prevented from attacking the remains by a cordon of cavalry which surrounded the grave.

STRIKING MINERS STOP ALL WORK.

In Full Control of Things at Negaunee and Ishpeming.

MARQUETTE, Mich., July 20.—The Ishpeming and Negaunee striking miners have stopped all work on the streets at Ishpeming, and declared their intention of stopping labor of every description until the struggle with the miners is ended. Samuel Hoar, operating the Star West mine on a contract, himself a laboring man, begged the men to let him go on with his contract. He declared that failure to keep his contract meant ruin to him.

He offered to pay the rates asked by the men, but they refused to allow him to work the mine, declaring that no mine would be permitted to work until granted the rates demanded. A meeting of Ishpeming business men was held last evening and the strikers were addressed by merchants, who promised their hearty support in the struggle. The business men carried a banner reading, "We, the business men of Ishpeming, are in favor of this movement and hope the men will succeed."

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 22.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3¾ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489¾@489½ for demand and 48 ¾@489 for sixty days; posted rates 489½@490 and 490½@491; commercial bills, 488@488¼.

Silver certificates 66¾@67¼; no sales; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds firm: new 4's reg., 122¾; do coupons, 123¾; 5's reg., 115⅝; 5 coupons, 116⅝; 4's reg., 112¼; 4's coupons, 112¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 22.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 68⅜c, closed 67⅝c; September, opened 67¼c, closed 69⅛c; December, opened 72c, closed 70⅝c. Corn—July nominal, closed 45c; September, opened 44c, closed 44c; December, opened 38⅛c, closed 36⅝c; May, opened 39⅜c, closed 38⅝c. Oats—July, opened 23⅛c, closed 22⅞c; September, opened 23⅛c, closed 22⅝c; May, opened 25¾c, closed 25⅜c. Pork—July, nominal, closed $11.10; September, opened $10.95, closed $11.20; January, opened $11.75, closed $11.00. Lard—July, nominal; closed, $6.35.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 17c per lb; extra dairy, 14@15c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 11@13c per lb; hens, 8c; roosters, 4@5½c; turkeys, 7@9½c; ducks, 8c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, 40@41c per bu. Blackberries, Illinois, $1.50@1.75 per 24-qt case; raspberries, black, $1.0@1.25 per 24-pt case; red, $1.00@1.50 per 24-pt case. New apples—$1.25@2.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 22.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 31,000; sales ranged at $1.50@4.20 pigs, $4.60@4.85 light, $4.75@4.60 rough packing, $4.35@4.80 mixed, and $4.60@4.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; quotations ranged at $5.40@6.00 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.75@5.25 good to choice do, $4.40@4.75 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do, $3.40@3.15 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.15 stockers, $2.70@4.00 feeders, $1.70@3.70 cows, $2.50@4.40 heifers, $2.25@3.25 bulls, $2.40@4.45 Texas steers, $2.60@3.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.70 westerns, $2.00@3.50 Texans, $1.75@4.00 natives, and $2.50@5.85 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, July 22.

Wheat—Cash, 68¾c; July, 67¼c bid; August, 67¼c bid; September, 67⅝ bid; December, 70¼c bid. Corn—September, 40; December, 31 asked. Oats—Cash, 23c bid; July, 22c; August, 22½c asked; October, 23⅝c bid. Rye—No. 2 48c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, July 24.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 69c; No. 1 northern, 73½c; September, 68⅛c. Corn—No. 3, 45¼c. Oats—No. 3 white, 25c; No. 2 white 26¼c. Barley—No. 2, 47½c; samples on track, nominal. Rye—No. 1, 84c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 17.

Cora Peterson, a servant at Stillman Valley, Ills., has gone crazy over the loss of $1,000, her life savings.

Henry Stebbins, a well-known printer of Meadville, Pa., dropped dead in the pressroom of The Tribune-Republican.

Perry Brothers, live stock commission dealers at South Omaha, assigned.

Dora Burns, aged 23, broke jail at McLeansboro, Ills., where she was held for infanticide.

John M. Ward, ball player, has passed examination for the bar.

The Rio Grande river is on a tear in Texas, and El Paso is flooded.

The government's appeal in the Stanford case has been filed at San Francisco.

Cuban insurgents burned the Santa Clara village of Provincias.

Southern Democratic editors are at work to secure the nomination of Stevenson and Crisp as the presidential candidates.

The steamer Ariela, reported sunk in the James river with a crowd of colored excursionists, has arrived safely at Petersburg, Va.

Thursday, July 18.

Thomas Radcliff, a liquor dealer at Hot Springs, Ark., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

The long-pending water-front case at Oakland, Cala., has been decided in favor of the city and against the Southern Pacific railway.

Dollie Belknap and Josie Derringer are under arrest at Seymour, Ind., on suspicion of having been concerned in the poisoning of Fleming Sarver and wife.

According to the fruit crop report of the agricultural department apples are not specially promising this year.

Miss Sarah Mead, 30 years old, met Dr. J. L. Walker, of Des Moines, Ia., and was married to him on the same day at Kansas City, Kan. She is now deserted, her husband having robbed her of all she had except $10.

During the month of June there were 400 cases of yellow fever throughout the whole Spanish army in Cuba, but only 23 per cent. died.

Friday, July 19.

Residents of Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass., celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of the town.

The Newcastle Wire Nail company signed the new wage scale, an increase of 10 per cent.

Phosphate concerns, representing millions of dollars, have combined and prices will go up.

The international peace congress which was to have been held at Brussels next month has been postponed until spring.

Gamblers have been forced to leave Richmond, Va., on account of a spasm of reform. Sunday closing is being enforced.

Mayor Strong, of New York, has indorsed Police Commissioner Roosevelt's statement that he would enforce the Sunday laws.

Booksellers and publishers of the United States are about to adopt a uniform system of discounts and do away with price cutting.

Heavy gains in the pig iron industry are reported.

Saturday, July 20.

The president has issued an order placing employes of all pension agencies under civil service rules.

Countess di Brazza will ask Governor Morton to issue a full pardon for Maria Barberi, the Italian girl sentenced to death for the murder of Dominico Cataldo. The girl killed her seducer.

Illinois mine owners postponed the scheme to again reduce wages until after the next meeting of the joint board.

Mayor Koch, of Milwaukee, was elected president of the committee having in charge the arrangements of the Milwaukee semi-centennial celebration.

Coal has been forced up 25 cents by the southern combine.

The body of Luella Mabbitt, who disappeared ten years ago and whose lover, Omer Green, was lynched on suspicion of having killed her, was found in an abandoned well at Frankfort, Ind. The Mabbitt murder was the greatest mystery of its kind in the history of Indiana.

Milwaukee Turners took steps to fight the Civic Federation, which opposes Sunday picnics.

Monday, July 22.

The Chicago plant of the National Linseed Oil works was nearly destroyed by fire, involving a loss of from $400,000 to $500,000; fully insured.

Ten cents a drink for whisky and two glasses of beer for a nickel is making "jags" cheap at Des Moines.

A high official of the German foreign office is reported to have said, referring to the possible result of Stambuloff's assassination: "Within a month war may break out in the Balkan peninsula."

Holmes, the alleged insurance swindler, reported bigamist and murderer of at least six persons, says in an interview that he will prove an alibi as to two of the murders—the Pitzel children.

Captain Anson and eight of his colts have been fined for Sunday ball playing, the justice declaring that sort of sport on Sunday a nuisance at Chicago.

Nails have gone up 50 cents a keg as the result of a meeting of nail men at Boston.

It is estimated that Virginia will have to pay out $60,000 or more to the military for suppressing violence in the mining regions since May 1.

My Health Broke Down

With troubles peculiar to women, my nervous system was shattered. The physician said there was little hope for me. A neighbor told me of wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I decided to try it. When I had taken 3 bottles I could sit up, and now I am perfectly well and strong.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

has done all this for me." MRS. C. F. FADERER, La Platta City, Colorado.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

SAPPHO.

Soul of Sappho, if tonight,
When my boat is drifting near
Your fair island, spirit bright,
If I sing and if you hear
From your island in the sea,
Soul of Sappho, signal me!

Soul of Sappho, they have said
That your hair, a heap of gold,
Made a halo for your head.
And your eyes, I have been told,
Were like stars. Oh, from the sea,
Soul of Sappho, speak to me!
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

"Yes; they've been courting ten years," I said reflectively, "and I sometimes think they won't get married after all."

"They will if marriage is to be their lot," rejoined my hearer briskly. "I've seen an heard a lot of strange things in my time, miss. Did I ever tell you about my cousin, Ann Elizabeth?"

"No," I replied, looking up with a considerable degree of interest. Mrs. Hopwood was famous for her stories, and this afternoon, as we sat and had tea together in a homely way in her clean little kitchen, our conversation somehow turned upon the old but never wornout topics of love and marriage. I told her one or two strange instances which had come under my own observation, and now I was prepared to listen to her.

"Well, it was a funny thing. I must say," began Mrs. Hopwood, settling herself more comfortably in her chair and smoothing down her white apron by way of preliminary. "To begin with, I must tell you that Ann Elizabeth was in service with two old ladies—real ladies they were. By some means or another they had become very much reduced in circumstances, an only kept one servant where they had previously kept half a dozen, but they lived in a nice little house an amused themselves by doin light jobs an potterin about the garden. Ann Elizabeth was happy enough with them, I can tell you.

"They took her when she was quite a girl, not more than 15 or 16, but as she was a strong an willin lass she soon learned the work, fallin into their ways, until some of the rest of us young ones used to laugh at her an tell her she was becomin as old maidish as the ladies themselves.

"But she soon showed us that she wasn't goin to hear her mistresses made fun of. She was very fond of 'em an respected an admired 'em in a way that seems to have gone out of fashion among servants nowadays.

"Well, things went on very quiet for some years, but when Ann Elizabeth was about three and twenty she got a young man. A very steady, respectable young man he was—if he hadn't been, Ann Elizabeth wouldn't have looked at him. He was a rural postman, which was of course regular work, an he was able also to earn a nice bit of money by doin odd jobs, for he was a handy fellow, who could turn his hand to almost anything—in the middle of the day when he was free from his post work.

"The ladies never raised any objection to him—for they weren't like some old maids, who, because they have never been married themselves, never want anybody else to be—but they advised Ann Elizabeth not to be in a hurry.

"'I shan't be,' says Ann Elizabeth. 'I know when I'm well off, an I'm not goin to throw up a good home all in a minute just for the sake of havin a husband. I don't mean to be married until both him an me has saved a bit of money, an if he isn't willin to fall in with my views he must leave me an look out for somebody else.'

"But Robert—Robert Jones his name was, miss—said he was quite willin to wait awhile, an that he would do his best to work an save so as to take Ann Elizabeth to a comfortable home when she became his wife.

"So things settled down again, an went on as quiet as they had gone before. Robert went every Sunday regularly an had tea with his sweetheart. Then they walked to church together an had an hour's quiet talk in the kitchen when they came back. The ladies were always very kind, an Robert seemed to fall into their ways as natural as Ann Elizabeth had done. Everything went on in such a steady groove that at last I thought they had got fairly fixed in it an never meant to make any change.

"For ten years slipped by in this fashion. Yes, you may well laugh, miss; so did a good many of the rest of us. Most of them who had been Ann Elizabeth's companions in childhood had married an settled, while Ann Elizabeth's long courtship became quite a standin joke.

"But it was a joke we kept to ourselves, for if you ventured on half a word to Ann Elizabeth she would say nothin, but just look at you in a way that made you feel you had better mind your own business.

"I think, though, that Robert got chaffed a good bit, an at last he seemed to make up his mind that he had waited long enough. I know that he had often before then asked Ann Elizabeth to be married, but she had put him off, sayin she didn't like to leave the old ladies an would prefer goin on as she was a bit longer.

"But, as I said before, Robert at last became determined that their courtship should end. Both he an Ann Elizabeth had by that time saved a nice bit of money, an there was really nothin to wait for. So he talked until he got her in the mind, an she promised to marry him as soon as things could be got ready.

"The ladies felt the prospective partin with her a good deal, but they were too kind an unselfish to raise any objection. They helped Ann Elizabeth in every way they could an bought the weddin dress—a gray silk fit for any lady to wear.

"It was arranged that Ann Elizabeth should stay with her mistresses right up to her weddin day. When the mornin came, she put on all her nice new clothes, an when she was quite ready drove to her mother's house, where she expected to find Robert in readiness to take her straight to church.

"Now I must tell you, miss, that Ann Elizabeth was always what we called 'rather odd.' She had some queer ways an ideas of her own, an she thought plenty of herself, I do assure you.

"I know she was fond of Robert—very fond of him—but she always felt that he ought to be very much obliged to her for havin him, an she made him treat her in a respectful sort of way that seemed a bit comical to me.

"I had been invited to the weddin, so I can tell you exactly what took place. I was at my aunt's when Ann Elizabeth drove up, an gettin out o' the conveyance came into the house. Very nice she looked, I must say, in her silk dress an white bonnet, but before any of us had time to make a remark she says:

"'Where's Robert?'

"'He hasn't come yet, my dear,' says aunt. 'No doubt he'll be here in a minute or two.'

"I saw a funny look come over Ann Elizabeth's face an knew she was none too well pleased at havin to wait for him. But she sat down an began to talk about something else, as cool as if her weddin day was a hundred years off.

"I told you before that Robert was a rural postman. He had usually finished his mornin delivery of letters by half past 9, which—had things gone on all right—would have left him plenty of time for getting ready to be married at 11 o'clock. But, as luck would have it, on that particular morning there was a regular series of disasters.

"First of all, the mail man from whom Robert took his bags was late, owing to the fact of his horse having fallen lame on the road. Then there turned out to be an unusually large delivery of letters, and what, with one thing an another, poor Robert had a regular scramble for it.

"We were all beginnin to feel a bit uncomfortable when in he came. He had been in an awful state of worry, knowin Ann Elizabeth would be waitin for him, but when at last he got there all right an saw her sit lookin so nice his spirits rose, I suppose, an he began to laugh as gay as you please.

"I could see in a minute Ann Elizabeth didn't like that. She had been feelin uneasy, though she tried not to show it, an she couldn't bear to see him come in laughin, as if it was of no consequence.

"'You are late, Robert!' she says quite stifflike.

"'You may be thankful I am here at all!' says he, still laughin.

"Now of course the poor chap never thought of anything but a joke when he said that, but Ann Elizabeth drew herself up like a queen and gave him such a look.

"'Indeed!' says she, and I'm sure her voice made me regular shiver. 'If that is your opinion, Mr. Jones, it is not mine. So far from bein thankful that you are here, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, an I will now wish you a very good mornin.'

"An would you believe it, miss, before we could any of us recover from our astonishment or realize what she meant, she was out of the house? She stepped into the conveyance which had been waitin to take 'em to church an told the man to drive her straight back to the house she left but a short time previously.

"'I'm not goin to be married,' she said to the old ladies quite composedly. 'I have altered my mind. I will just go an change my dress an then get to work," an within an hour an a half of her leavin the house she was back again busy washin up dishes.

"You may well stare, miss, but it's all as true as gospel. I can't begin to tell you what a commotion there was an what a talk it made. Ann Elizabeth flatly refused to see Robert an wouldn't even read the letters he wrote to her. She wouldn't admit there was any excuse for him an stood on her dignity to such an extent that folks got tired of tryin to talk to her, an Robert—as was only natural—got his temper up an vowed he would be a laughin stock no longer.

"There was the nice little house, everything ready an waitin for a mistress, an Robert vowed he'd be married. When a man really makes up his mind, he can generally get somebody to have him, an so it proved in this case.

"There was a girl livin in the village named Mary Goodacre. She wasn't at all a bad sort, an I'd heard it said before that she had a sneakin affection for Robert. I'm not goin to say she ever put herself in his way, or anything of that sort, for of course she as well as everybody else thought that he an Ann Elizabeth were goin to make a match of it.

"Mary must have liked him, however, or she wouldn't have been so ready to pick up Ann Elizabeth's leavin's, as the sayin is, for in rather more than a month from the date of the weddin day that should have been Robert was really married to Mary Goodacre.

"What Ann Elizabeth thought about it I'm not goin to tell you, for the very good reason that I don't know. She never opened her lips on the subject to a soul, an she wasn't one of the sort folks could laugh and joke with. She seemed to pick up the threads of her old life just where she had dropped them, an glad enough the old ladies were to have her back, though the kind creatures were grieved about the misunderstandin an had done their best to heal the breach.

"Neither can I tell you whether Robert an Mary were happy together. I was only an outsider an knew nothin of the inner workin of the minds of them. I can only tell you the facts as all the world knew of them. Of thoughts an feelin's I cannot speak.

"Now, Mary had livin near her a very particular friend, named Ellen Counter—been used to visit her a good deal, an no doubt Robert grew to share his wife's likin for her.

"Time went on, an a little sickly child was born to Robert an Mary. Motherlike, Mary clung to the child the more passionately for its more than usually helpless dependence, an when her own health showed unmistakable signs of failin an it began to be thought she was not long for this world the thought of her child was the thing that troubled her night an day.

"'The child shall be cared for, Mary,' said Robert. 'Be easy, lass! Do you think I would ever let him be ill treated?'

"'Men don't always know,' sighed poor Mary. 'You'll marry again, Robert; you'll be sure to do!'

"Robert did not speak. I don't know whether the thought of Ann Elizabeth crossed his mind, but I have often fancied Mary must have imagined it did.

"Poor soul, she was only human an may have thought that Ann Elizabeth would carry a grudge against the child of the woman who had been, in a sense, her rival.

"'Robert!' she said suddenly—all this was told to me, miss, by the woman who was nursin poor Mary at the time, an who heard it all—'will you marry Ellen? Oh, if you will only promise to marry Ellen, I shall have no care left. I could trust her to be good to my child.'

"Robert hesitated, but it is hard to refuse the request of the dyin.

"When she said again pleadingly, 'Will you marry Ellen?' he said 'Yes' quietly, an Mary was at peace.

"She did not live long after that. Before she died she placed her child in Ellen's arms, an I believe Ellen took it as a solemn trust.

"There had certainly been a very strong an true friendship between the two women, an I don't think anybody else would have bestowed the care on that peevish, tiresome child as Ellen did.

"When Mary had been dead a short time, Ellen married Robert, an a good wife she made him. Ann Elizabeth never opened her lips on the subject of this second marriage any more than she had done on that of the first. She went on in the old steady way until changes began to come for her as well as for all the rest of the world.

"The old ladies had been in failin health for some time, an Ann Elizabeth had tended them as gently an carefully as anybody could have done. She wasn't the sort to do it for the sake of pay or reward. She was honestly fond of them, an I believe nobody was more surprised than she when, after their respective deaths—one outlived the other for a few weeks only—it was found that she was the inheritor of all they had to leave.

"What had been straightened means to ladies who in their earlier days had been used to somethin so much better was affluence to Ann Elizabeth. She was sole mistress of the pretty house where she had formerly been servant, an she had enough to secure her comfort an independence for the remainder of her life.

"She had got too much good sense to put on any airs or to pretend to be what she was not. But she quietly altered her style of dress, kept a servant of her own an was respected by all the folks in the village.

"Now, just as things had gone well with Ann Elizabeth so had they gone badly with Robert Jones. Ellen had now a child of her own, an, strangely enough, her health began to fail in just the same way as Mary's had done.

"Another serious trouble seemed likely to overtake them. Robert's eyesight was beginnin to fail, so much so that he was threatened with total blindness.

"At last Ellen died. This time Robert was left with two children—delicate, both of them—an an overwhelming disaster hangin over him. The man seemed fairly broken down, an no wonder.

"Things grew worse instead of better, for Robert was obliged to resign his appointment as rural postman, owin to his bein no longer able to properly distinguish the addresses on the letters. The postal authorities allowed him a small pension, an this was all the poor fellow had to reckon on with any degree of certainty. He did any kind of odd job that came in his way, but it really seemed as if luck was dead against him an he would sink down under the weight of his misfortunes.

"Well, miss, you'll perhaps be hardly able to believe what I am now goin to tell you, but it is nevertheless true, that, although Robert an Ann Elizabeth had for years lived not more than a mile apart, they had never set eyes on one another since the eventful mornin which should have been their weddin day. It was certainly very strange, for if people try to keep out of one another's way accident usually brings them into contact, but it had not done so in this case.

"One day—it was gettin on for 12 months after Ellen's death, an, as I said before, things had been gettin worse an worse with Robert ever since—Ann Elizabeth left her own house to go out for a walk. She was never one to go about much, but the fine weather tempted her.

"She hadn't gone very far when she caught sight of a man an a child walkin toward her in the distance. As they got nearer she couldn't help thinkin what a pitiful sight it was, for the man walked slowly an uncertainly, an the poor little thin child, coughin at every step, seemed to be takin care of him an leadin him. She'd got a motherly heart, had Ann Elizabeth, in spite of her odd ways an old maidenhood, an she began to feel a yearnin over the little lad who was doin his brave, childish best to help his father.

"She stood an watched them, an it was not till they got quite near that she saw the man was Robert. What she felt in that minute I'm not goin to try to tell you, but I've often fancied that the old love must have come sweepin over her like a flood, washin away every harsh an bitter thought an leavin nothin but a love an sympathy almost divine.

"She stepped forward an met him.

"'Robert!' said she. 'Robert!'

"He looked up. His poor dim eyes could hardly see her, but he knew the once familiar loved voice, an he began to tremble, while the little lad held his hand tightly, wonderin what it all meant.

"'Ann Elizabeth!' whispered Robert. He could hardly speak, an the little lad held him tighter an tighter an clung closer to his side.

"'Yes; it's Ann Elizabeth,' she said, takin hold of his other hand, 'and it's more than that, Robert. It is your wife, if you like to take her. There's a home for you an the children, an if you will marry me I will marry you.'

"So Robert became Ann Elizabeth's husband nearly 20 years from the time they first began courtin. Strange! Yes, miss, so it was. Strange enough, but I've known many a woman whose truth an tenderness never came so fully to the surface as in the time of sorrow an misfortune.

"After the weddin Robert went to some big doctor, who was clever enough to do a good deal for him. His sight never became really strong, but he can see well enough to go about. Ann Elizabeth reads the papers to him, an he is the very picture of a contented man.

"As for Ann Elizabeth, you've only got to look at her to know she is a happy woman. The children outgrew their delicacy an are now two as fine young fellows as you would wish to see. They both call Ann Elizabeth mother, an she is as fond an proud of them as if they were indeed her own sons.

"So you see, miss, that in spite of all those two came together at last."—Household Words.

Susan Couldn't Be Trusted There.

A long legged, gawky sort of a chap from down the Potomac, who was visiting Washington, was walking about the office of the Arlington hotel, apparently gazing on it as one of the sights of the capital, when one of the clerks tackled him for a bit of fun.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"I reckon not," was the reply.

"Perhaps you would like a room if you are going to be in town?"

"Well, I reckon I ain't; leastways, not right now."

"Do you think of coming?"

"Well, yes, me and my wife has been talkin about it."

"Of course, if you come, you won't find a better place than this to stay. We are in the finest quarter of the city, and the White House is just across the street."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the rooster.

"Yes, indeed."

"Then it ain't no place for my wife." This was a startler for the clerk.

"Why not?" he asked in surprise. "She would be greatly pleased."

"In course she would. She'd be tickled to death, she would, but I won't let her come."

"But why?"

"You don't know my wife, I reckon?"

"I have never had that pleasure," bowed the clerk.

"In course you haven't. She's a fine woman, but she's got her weakness."

"But life in this hotel would bring her around all right."

"That's what you say, young feller, but I know Susan. Why, ef she come here to live, she wouldn't be here a week till she'd be runnin acrost the street seven times a day to borrer some dern thing er other from the White House folks. She can't help it to save her life, but they're kinder used to it in our place, and it makes it come a good deal easier on me than it would here, where people is some different in their notions. No, sir, ef we come to Washin'ton to stop any time I'm goin to git out in the soobubs, where Susan will have room to spread without bumpin up ag'inst the fust families."—New York Sun.

At Budapest.

Budapest has for me an invincible attraction, and when on the morrow—a warm, bright day—I was at last permitted to install myself in the shade high up on one of the balconies of the Hotel Hungaria, overlooking the Danube, I experienced one of the most agreeable sensations that I recall. Here the ample breadth of the stream diminishes the force of the current, and the Danube passes majestically under the two imposing bridges, which hide its course where it bends far below beyond the town with the dimensions and the appearance of a stream opening out into the sea. In front frowns the ancient and lofty fortress of Buda, which formerly held Hungary abject and trembling under its cannon, and the burg, formerly imperial, where watched the implacable eye of the conqueror. Both fortress and burg, however, are to disappear forever.

A new royal chateau is going up near by, which will take the place of the old yellow barracks, which serve now as a dwelling for the king of Hungary in this capital, finally recovered from the age long domination of Austria. Below the life of the river is unceasing, and the whole warm, brilliant, animated picture is most enlivening. Budapest—the very word names an idea which is big with the future. It is synonymous with restored liberty, unfolding now at each forward step; it is the future opening up before a growing people. Whole districts of the capital will one day be rebuilt and reappear under a fresh aspect, and this immense meeting point between the east and the west adds daily to its power and its attractions.—Nineteenth Century.

Episcopal Clergymen.

"So far as our observation goes," says The Watchman, "Episcopal clergymen, take it for all in all, are the worst readers. This is strange, as the principal part of their service in public worship is to read sentences out of a book. The ministers who have taken lessons in elocution are also pretty uniformly poor readers of the Scriptures. They declaim, mouth or dramatize the narrative. One brother went so far as to gesture during his reading of the Bible. That is very bad. The simple, natural, interpretative reading of the Scriptures adds a great charm to public worship. It is a difficult art to acquire, but worth acquiring."

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CHICAGO, JULY 27, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New South."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Merry World."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock:"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CROMWELL AS A "FRIEND" OF PARLIAMENT.

The Belfast *Weekly*, a paper not particularly smitten with the career of the late Oliver Cromwell—Crombeal, Irish for mustache?—has been taking a rap at the parliamentary record of the great Lord Protector. It is not improbable, by the way, that Cromwell was an Englishman of Irish descent, for we find that his favorite daughter was named Bridget—a distinctively Irish Christian name. This may not do much honor to the Irish race, but we feel bound to state a historical fact. If Cromwell was not partially Irish, why did he christen his daughter Bridget? Then again, he had the rapid genius of the Celt. Like Wellington, Gough, Wolseley and Roberts, he rose from rank to rank by sheer force of merit, plentifully backed by the sword. It is a mistake to suppose that he treated England and Scotland mercifully. He spared nobody in either country who opposed his views. Benjamin Disraeli, replying to an Irish member in the house of commons, said "The Irish people are too severe on Oliver Cromwell. It is true he conquered Ireland, but he also conquered England and Scotland. The Irish fought for their country and king, like soldiers and gentlemen, and have nothing to be ashamed of, or to grieve over in the connection."

Cromwell, however, made this distinction between the English and the two Celtic peoples: he slaughtered the former, but he did not sell them into slavery, as he did the Irish and Scotch prisoners of war and their families. He was a magnificent strategist, as well as a stern fighter, and, as a statesman, had no rival in Europe, except Cardinal Mazarin. But he was a cruel monster, although Walter Scott and other British writers say that he was naturally humane. The man who ordered the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford was certainly a human tiger.

Anglo-Americans of a certain class—superficially informed and much too glib—have always held up Cromwell as a model of English patriotism and a friend of the rights of the commons. They know that he caused the head of Charles I. to be chopped off, and this knowledge, no doubt, has excited their admiration. In any case Cromwell is certainly a hero with the badly educated Anglo-American spouter and writer.

Following is Cromwell's record as an upholder of the parliamentary system:

"1648—Pride's Purge. The Presbyterian majority expelled from the house, and the minority vote to bring the king to trial.

"1649—The commons resolve that the house of lords is 'useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished.'

"1653—April 20. Cromwell goes down to the house and expels the members. His council of state selects a new parliament of 139 members on the nomination of independent ministers—Barebones parliament.

"1653—December. Barebones parliament produce a radical programme, but, finding they cannot carry it, resign. Cromwell governs for eight months without a parliament.

"1654—September. A new parliament meets, but Cromwell excludes 100 members who will not pledge themselves not to alter the form of government.

"1655—January. 'On the expiration of five lunar months,' Cromwell dissolves the new parliament and governs for a year and a half without a parliament, having divided England into eleven military districts, each governed by a major-general.

"1656—September. New parliament meets, ninety Republicans and Presbyterians excluded. Dissolved in the following year.

"1657—Cromwell re-establishes the house of lords.

"1658—January 20. New parliament meets; but, proceeding to discuss its relations with the house of lords, is dissolved by Cromwell after a fortnight.

"1658—Sept. 3. Cromwell dies without any parliament.

"It will be seen, therefore, that Cromwell did five parliaments to death, and finally died himself without any parliament at all. His method was first to purge them of all members who were likely to 'misconduct themselves,' and then, if they were not submissive, to 'take away that bauble.'"

"Now or Never," an interesting writer in the Chicago *Daily News*, and a distinguished Irish-American Protestant, if we mistake not, has the following to say in reference to Cromwell's career in Ireland:

"From the time Cromwell landed in Dublin on the 14th of August, 1649, until the day he left Ireland, his course was marked with the most appalling massacres. At Drogheda he took the place by storm, putting 3,000 to the sword. 'I offered mercy to the garrison of Tredah,' he says in his summons to the governor of Dundalk, 'which, being refused, brought their evil upon them.' Carlyle says: 'The garrison consisted, in good part, of *Englishmen*, probably the troops of Lord Inchiquin, who never gave quarter themselves.'

"Of the Tredah (Drogheda) massacre Oliver himself wrote to the Hon. John Bradshaw, president of the council of state, dated Dublin, Sept. 16, 1649: 'It has pleased God to bless our endeavors at Tredah. After battery we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance, and nearly 1,000 of our men being entered, the enemy forced them out again. But, God giving new courage to our men, they attempted again and entered, beating the enemy from their defenses. The enemy had made three intrenchments, both to the right and left of where we entered; all of which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter, having the day before immured the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes.'

"At Wexford Cromwell stormed the walls after the castle had been surrendered, killing 2,000 of its defenders, his own army not losing twenty. At Ross Gen. Taaffe surrendered the town, seeing the fate of the defenders of Tredah and Wexford. In a letter of Cromwell to Taaffe occurs this remarkable passage. 'As for what you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean liberty to exercise the mass I judge it best to use plain dealing and to let you know, where the parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed.' This is 'not meddling with a man's conscience' with a vengeance.

"Coming to Cork, Colonel Phaire, of Cromwell's army, took it by surprise. There the Catholics as well as the royalists were driven out of the city, stripped and in the depth of winter. It was at Cork that Cromwell, being in want of artillery, ordered the bells of the churches to be converted into battering ordnance. Some of his friends remonstrating, he replied, 'Since gunpowder was invented by a priest I think it not amiss to *promote* bells into *cannon*.'"

Taken in his entirety, Oliver Cromwell may be dismissed with the observation that he was a nice man; and the effort of Gladstone's son, Herbert, to have a statue erected to him as "a great Englishman" is rightly appreciated by the Irish people, who have suffered much more recently than Cromwell's time from other "great Englishmen," whom may the Lord confound.

SMALLEY'S OPINION.

George W. Smalley, the Englishman born in America, who now does a general journalistic business in New York, in a telegraphic correspondence to the *Tribune* of last Sunday says of the Irish question:

"Home rule was a third cause (of the Liberal defeat). I will take the testimony on that point of two of the most convinced home rule journalists, Harold Frederic of the New York *Times* and Mr. Chamberlain of the *Sun*. Both agree that the English people have turned away from home rule with loathing and disgust. The wildest word which either of them uses to describe the English attitude to Irish home rule is indifference. The majority of the Liberals themselves, whether in the press or on platforms, kept it for the most part out of sight. They knew England would not have it. They knew that the imperial principle and sentiment are deep-rooted in English hearts. They knew that union would triumph over disunion, as it did in America and as it now has in England.

"All that is true, but what likeness is there between this now admitted truth and what we have been taught to believe in America? Chauncey Depew, who has always felt bound to take the home rule view as so many other Americans have in public life for reasons sufficient to them, now says the elections have postponed home rule for seven years. He did not need to go so far as Southampton to find that out. It is, in fact, postponed indefinitely. Home rule had but one chance. It was taken up by two men of extraordinary political genius—Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone. It is conceivable, though barely conceivable, that these two men, if they had remained united, might have induced England to destroy her legislative union with Ireland. They parted. From the moment Mr. Gladstone turned his back on his Irish ally home rule ceased to be possible."

We never before had occasion to agree with Mr. Smalley on any given point of Anglo-Irish politics, but in ascribing the overthrow of home rule to Gladstone's treacherous conduct toward Parnell, he is unquestionably right. At present, and perhaps for all his time, Mr. Gladstone is merely an anti-climax. He is as flat and disagreeable to the taste as the British beer in which Harcourt's local veto bill drowned the English Whigs.

Down went old Harcourt to the bottom
of the polls
O'er him and o'er him the black beer
rolls.
He must be very wet
For they haven't raised him yet,
And he lies at the bottom of the polls.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES' PICNIC.

The committee of the United Irish Societies having in charge the arrangements for the August 15 demonstration, have invited the following well known and talented speakers: Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, Mo.; Hon. James O'Donnell, of Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. James Graham, of Springfield, Ill., and C. A. Gallagher of Minneapolis, Minn. James Maher will act as chairman of the afternoon meeting, and Col. Marcus Kavanagh will preside over the evening meeting. J. J. O'Connell and J. J. Gubbins will read the address afternoon and evening.

All indications point to an immense gathering, and the executive committee has left nothing undone to promote popular enjoyment. Superb music will be furnished, and all athletic sports that tend to make such occasions enjoyable. The names of the gentlemen who are advertised to speak give guarantee of oratory that will do credit to the cause.

DR. DILLON ON PHYSICAL FORCE.

Our excellent friend, Editor William Dillon, LL.D., in the *New World* of the 20th inst. has an article on "The Outlook for Ireland," which, coming from a gentleman of very moderate opinions, is, to say the least of it, significant. Doctor Dillon is the son of an Irish "rebel" who turned out, musket in hand, in 1848 to fight for Ireland in a becoming manner, and who did all that one man could do to get the Irish people to fight for their lives, not to mention their rights, rather than lie down in the ditch and die, "so that the government that starved them might live in peace." But the Irish people were not, in that generation at least, as wise as John Blake Dillon. They did not fight, except here and there, and they starved to death dutifully as became men who feared that their souls might suffer if they obeyed the godlike instinct of resistance to outrageous and cruel oppression. For, indeed, the people, in many places, had been taught the monstrous doctrine of submission to wrong by those who should have known better, and God, in his almighty anger, frowned upon them, and the lightnings of His just wrath fell from heaven and scourged them with famine and the plague ship. And, behold, their mighty numbers decayed and passed away, leaving behind them a withered and feeble province where there had been a nation of strength and dignity, tugging like a maddened giant at the chain of "Imperial connection," which had almost snapped in the effort. Oh, the history of those times and these—what might have been and what was, and is—is a sickening and disheartening contemplation! Now the words "Home Rule," when uttered on a platform, give back an echo that does not compliment the intellect of the fatuous votaries of that mocking measure.

John Blake Dillon saw agitation, with almost the entire Irish nation behind it, fail in the effort to secure Repeal of the Union, and he likewise saw rebellion, with only a corporal's guard of the nation behind it, fail quite as ignominiously. Had the two experiments been reversed, the result might have been the independence of Ireland.

The sons of John Blake Dillon did not have their father's experience as open rebels, amid the Munster hills, but they have seen agitation without stint during the last fifteen years. They are gentlemen of calm temperament, and believe, or seem to believe, that Ireland's only hope is a home parliament, with the British connection. Therefore, we say, it is significant when one of them writes in the *New World* as follows:

"What will probably be the policy of the Tory government in regard to Ireland, and what will be the result of this election of 1895 upon the Irish cause? In the first place, it may be confidently predicted that one main result will be to give a great impetus to the physical force movement in this and other countries where the Irish are numerous. Whatever may be the reason, the fact is undeniable that the cause of Ireland, so far from gaining, has lost ground in a marked degree since the last general election in Great Britain. Those who have always maintained that parliamentary agitation was a 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare,' will point to this result as clearly bearing out their predictions. They will ask with triumph, 'Where now is your trust in the friendship of the English democracy and in what result has that trust landed you?' It is true that before they are fairly entitled to ask the Irish people to embrace their methods, they are bound to show not only that the parliamentary policy has so far failed in its main object, but that their policy has at least a reasonable chance of effecting some good. But it is not likely that they will be held to a very strict account on that head just at present. For good or for evil, it is tolerably certain that large numbers of Irishmen who have hitherto clung to the hope that Irish self-government might be won by parliamentary methods, will now abandon that hope, and once more place their sole reliance upon what seems to be the only other alternative.

"We much fear that the policy of the Tory government will be of such a nature as to further promote this reaction in favor of physical force methods. There has been talk of their bringing in a comprehensive land bill for Ireland. We have never set much store on this talk. It is ominous that no reference whatever to any such intention has been made in the election addresses or speeches of their leaders, while there have been many references to social reforms for England. The rule of the Tory party means the ascendancy in Ireland of that small but privileged minority which has always regarded the Celtic population of Ireland with a feeling as insolent and overbearing as, and much more rancorous than, that with which the Southern planters regarded their slaves. Deep down in the heart of the average Irish landlord is the desire to root out the Celtic and Catholic population and replace them by English and Scotch settlers."

If the physical force party should now take up the Irish question in dead earnest, it must be confessed that their task has been made harder by the gentlemen who insisted on pelting John Bull in the Irish apple tree with grass instead of stones for more than half a generation. The fighting quality has been almost "conciliated" out of Ireland, since "the union of hearts" came into fashion. When even vehement members of the old Fenian organization forgot their early principles, and rushed to the clerk's table of the house of commons to take the oath of service, which is about the same for a member of parliament as for a Scotland Yard detective, it was easy to perceive that something had gone wrong with Ireland. And so there has. It will take more than physical force to regenerate her. It will take self-respect and a spirit of political independence. In one respect at least the overwhelming triumph of the Tories is a blessing: It will stop the manufacture of justices of the peace and other officeholders under a Whig government. No such "favors" can be demanded, or would be granted, by the Tories. The Westminster huxter shop is closed for repairs. Let us be thankful for even this small blessing.

PHELPS DODGE'S EARS.

A dispatch from London to the American daily press, dated July 23, says:

"Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge has written a letter to the *Times* in which he repudiates the statement made by Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, when he arrived here last week from New York, that Americans favor home rule for Ireland. Mr. Dodge says that 'while the politicians are compelled to truckle to the Irish vote, many Americans oppose the policy of separation.' Mr. Dodge adds: 'I have given what help I could to the Unionist candidate for Norwich, and many other Americans were glad of the opportunity to fight home rule.'"

In O'Connell's time, there was a stupid Tory, named Lane Fox, who constantly abused the movement for Repeal of the Union. One afternoon, O'Connell devoted some attention to the abusive Tory in Conciliation hall. Suddenly, while "Dan" was in the midst of a philippic, a jackass brayed on Burgh Quay. This interrupted the proceedings. O'Connell paused for a moment, and then, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, said quietly, "Maybe that's Lane Fox," utterly upsetting the gravity of the audience. Now, no later than today, we heard a jackass bray on Indiana avenue, and we are convinced that the voice was that of Phelps Dodge, carried by the Tory East wind all the way from England.

Auld nature yelps the bumptious Phelps
Her other work surpasses, O!
Her prentice han' she tried on Pan
And then she made jackasses, O!

◆

FRANCE and Germany seem to be in very bad temper with each other of late. Germany claims that France acted sulkily at Kiel and France retaliates by attacking the kaiser, who seems bent on hunting trouble, most furiously in her press. We hope these two powerful nations will not come to blows merely on a question of pique. Yet it looks as if war might come at any time, as the French resentment is aroused by the celebration in Germany of the anniversary of the declaration of war in 1870, and by the resolve of the German emperor to celebrate with military pomp the victories of Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Sedan, Metz and so on. The main bone of contention is the Alsace-Lorraine question. Wilhelm II has been claiming that the conquered provinces are loyal to him, but a dispatch from Strasbourg, in Alsace, dated last Sunday, says: "The Catholic gymnasium of Strasbourg, founded by the Catholic bishop of that city and maintained by private means, is being subjected to an investigation on the part of the government. This is due to the fact that the pupils have, on several occasions, cried: 'Vive la France.' In addition, a bust of the emperor was demolished and many utterances said to constitute ground for prosecutions on the charge of lese majeste, have been reported to the government authorities."

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THE faction fight between McCarthyites and Parnellites in East Wicklow has given Tory Tottenham the seat. However, it doesn't make much difference.

◆

THE gentle English showed their ancient peculiarities during the current elections. Lady Vernon Harcourt, and other female politicians, were roughly handled by the Anglo-Saxon mobs in many places, rotten eggs, decayed vegetables and stalwart brickbats having been called into requisition. Rider Haggard, and his staff of women, got very vilely handled. In fact, riots were the order of the day in many parts of "perfide Albion," while everything passed off as quietly as a funeral in the three Celtic countries—Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Does this fact argue that the Anglo-Saxon is a "civilizer" of the Celt?

THE GREAT SCOTCH PICNIC.

The great Scotch picnic will be held at Burlington Park on Saturday, Aug. 3, under the auspices of the Scottish Assembly of Chicago. It will be a great day for Scotland, and will include Caledonian games, American sports and Highland dancing. The popular drama of "Rob Roy" will be given with eclat, and 500 Scotch cadets, together with the First Regiment, I.N.G., will take part in the stirring drama. There will also be a sham battle, a sword combat on horseback, and other enlivening exercises. The best drilled Boys' Brigade will receive for prize a $500 silver cup. All arrangements have been perfected for a magnificent celebration.

IGNORED IRISH MELODY.

[*To the Editor.*]

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13, 1895.—I have often admired in the columns of your journal the stand you have taken for the encouragement, at home and abroad, of Irish customs, literature and art, which in a great degree tend to preserve a distinct nationality for a country which, no matter how helpless her condition at present seems, has had a glorious though sad history.

In looking over the *Freeman* of Dublin, of June 29, there was quite an elaborate account of the centenary of Maynooth College, and its distinguished and illustrious cardinals, bishops and priests, numbering 1,500, from all parts of the globe, I really felt proud at the growth and standard of this great centre of Catholic education, whose graduates for the past century have, through the world over, wielded such a wonderful influence in civilization by their unselfish lives for the glory of God and the upraising of suffering humanity. But there was one thing which, as an Irishman, filled me with sorrow, and that was the musical programme at the banquet. The band of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade played the following: "Grand March from Tannhauser," Wagner; Overture to "Athalie," Mendelssohn; Valse, "Vinnoise," Czibulka; Selection from "Logengrin," Wagner; "Largo," Handel; "Zwei Ungarische Tanze," Brahms; Selections, "Faust," Gounod; Incidentdal Music to "Henry V," Potts; Valse, "Blue Danube," Strauss; Gavotte, "Le Secret," Gautier.

When we consider this truly great assemblage of genius, at the only great national university of Ireland, under no government influences, celebrating its 100th anniversary, and think in the long list of Irish melodies, ballads and operas they could not at least put one Irish on the programme. I do not object to some of the above world-wide composers of music, who indeed were geniuses, but Irish ballads have no rivals, and are sung and played and listened to by the greatest critics all through the universe, and Wallace and Balfe's operatic music is popular and new in every clime. If it is true as some one has said, "Give me the making of a country's songs and I do not care who makes its laws," it ought equally be true that the sweet melodies and spirit-stirring ballads and airs have a great effect in the national and social life of a country, for is it not the national airs of France, Germany and other nations that have influenced public opinion, and in time of wars inspired their soldiers to feats of valor and victory?

In Dublin there is what they call the Royal Irish Academy of Music. I was a pupil there, but rarely heard an Irish air there. Still here in the city of San Francisco, one of the most cosmopolitan in the world, where music is at a high standard, Irish airs, both vocal and instrumental, are heard at concerts. For instance, Herr Fritz Scheel, one of the greatest European conductors, who led at Vienna Prater in the Chicago Exposition, and is engaged here at a very high figure, gives frequent crowded concerts which are attended by the most cultured musicians, and nothing but Irish music is heard on such occasions. The Hibernia Academy in Dublin, for the preservation of Irish literature and language, does but very little, as there are but very few who come over lately from Ireland who speak a word of Irish. Still we have Father O'Growney, who occupies the chair of Celtic in Maynooth College, trying to speak the language here. Indeed it seems strange how he can be very successful when they cannot make a success of it at home or show us a good example, as I venture to say you can get more Irish music and at least as much Irish literature to buy in any city in the United States as in Dublin.

DAVID J. COSTELLO.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The Coming Great Hurling Contest.

Should old Jupiter Pluvius reserve his temper on Sunday next, July 28, and favor the Gaels with good weather, an event will take place under the auspices of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Chicago, which for some time will be the principal topic of conversation in Gaelic circles. Last season, through the kind invitation of the St. Louis Gaelic Athletic Association, the Innisfail hurling team, who won the hurling championship of 1894, visited St. Louis in the latter part of the season, competed against and defeated the Shamrock hurling team of that city. A return contest has been in contemplation for some time, and arrangements are at present almost perfected by the central council; the contest between Chicago and St. Louis for the championship of the West will take place at the Gaelic grounds on Aug. 11. Next Sunday the team which is to represent Chicago against St. Louis in that contest will meet a picked team from the remainder of the association, and a contest will take place which would have made "Knocknagow" famous in its most historic days. The composition of the teams will probably be as follows: Phelan will act as caibaire for the Innisfails, and must battle against the sure eye and steady hand of T. Cronin or P. Ryan, either of whom are listed as extreme forwards for the association. The redoubtable Innisfail backs, P. Sexton and J. Conway, will be taken pretty good care of by Lehane, Costello or Mulcahy, while the Innisfail half-backs, J. Callaghan, Egan, J. Farrell or M. Ryan will be paid particular attention to by Clifford R. Barry and D. Walsh; the Innisfail right wing will be defended by J. Ryan, J. Callaghan or T. O'Brien, who will meet J. Hayes and W. Walsh; on the left wing Tom Callaghan and McCarthy will cross camans with P. Driscoll and P. Barry. In the centre T. Naughton, J. White, J. Cooney, or Murphy will battle against M. Fogarty, D. O'Meara and J. Moloney; T. Sullivan, T. Howe and J. Furlong, Innisfail forwards, will be met by E. A. Cahill, P. Fleming and T. O'Shaughnessy. J. Cahill may be chosen to protect the posts for the association. The names of the men selected on both teams are enough to ensure a contest the likes of which has never been seen in this city.

The Innisfail tug-of-war team will contest for the prize offered at the Clan-na-Gael picnic on July 4, against the Sarsfield team. The Emmets will try issues with the O'Connells at football; both teams are in good shape, and a lively contest is expected.

OBITUARY.

MRS. HANORA FEELEY.

Mrs. Hanora Feeley, nee Gleason, wife of Michael Feeley, died at her residence, No. 5240 Dearborn street, on the 16th inst., aged 70 years. She was born in the parish of Kilmore, county Tipperary, Ireland, but came to this country many years ago. She leaves two sons, John and Cornelius, and three daughters, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Watson and Miss Hanora Feeley. The funeral, which was largely attended, occurred on the morning of the 16th inst. from the residence to St. Anne's church and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

"Little Robinson Crusoe," the sparkling and mirth provoking operatic burlesque now attracting crowds to the Schiller theatre, is well along into the second month of its extraordinarily popular run, and is now being presented in its "second edition." The press is even more emphatic in praise than in even the unanimously flattering criticisms which stamped the first performance with the seal of approval and unequivocal success. The *Record* says: "All of the former bright features have been retained, and many new ones have been added. The ship sinking scene is graphically carried out in a most imposing tableau." The *Chronicle* says: "The second edition of 'Little Robinson Crusoe' pleased the very large audience at the Schiller greatly. The shipwreck scene is a mighty handsome picture, and with Eddie Foy and Marie Dressler clinging to the highest bulwark, the ship sinks beneath the waves with vivid realism. This storm and shipwreck scene makes an immense hit." The scenic embellishment of this new edition of "Crusoe" is something remarkably beautiful. The stage pictures of the first two acts are entirely new and are strikingly effective. The splendid transformation scene has been much increased in prismatic color effects. Seats can be reserved by telephoning 235 Main-Express, Schiller box office.

That Tired Feeling should be overcome at once or it may end most seriously. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and prevent sickness and suffering later in the season.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

A Rare Chance to Make Money.

I am convinced that anyone that will hustle can make from $10 to $15 a day selling Climax Dish Washers. They give such good satisfaction that every family wants one. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes, without danger of breaking dishes or without wetting the hands. In the past six months I have cleared over $20 a day without canvassing any; people either come or send for Washers, and my trade is increasing all the time. This business is equally good in country, town or city, and any lady or man can make money anywhere if they will only try. After careful examination I find the Climax decidedly the best Dish Washer made. The Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, will give you full instructions. Go to work at once and let us hear how you succeed. It is certainly our duty to inform each other of these golden opportunities.

A READER.

LYING BRITISH STATISTICS.

Is the Population of the City of Dublin, Ireland's Discrowned Capital, Deliberately Underestimated by British Census Officials?

O'Neill Russell Gives Facts and Figures to Prove That This is the Case.

It is extraordinary in how many ways, either by accident or design, England has it in her power to do injustice to Ireland; and the slowness of the supposed-to-be leaders of the Irish people to see, or take any notice of, a comparatively minor matter like that to which I now call the attention of the readers of THE CITIZEN, is still more extraordinary. No Irish paper of any shade of politics seems to have taken any notice whatever of the matter about which I am about to speak. Dublin papers should long ago have referred to it; but the Dublin papers seem to take little notice of anything that is not directly political. The Unionist sheets fill almost all their spare space with diatribes against home rule, and the home rule sheets seem to give nearly their entire attention to bullyragging each other.

The matter to which I wish to call attention is the manifest and gross errors of the last census, and probably former ones, with regard to the population of Dublin and its suburbs. According to the census, there has been a heavy decrease in the population of Dublin during the last forty years. Here are the figures for the city proper, and the entire county, copied from Thom's Directory, including the number of houses in the city proper in the year 1841 and in 1891:

Population—entire county, 1851	405,000
" " " " 1891	419,216
" " city, 1851	258,316
" " " 1891	245,001
Number of houses in city, 1841	18,532
" " " " 1891	29,368

It will be seen by above figures that between 1851 and 1891 there has been a decrease of 13,315 in the population of the city, but an increase in the total population of the county of 14,216 during the same period, for the increase both in houses and people in the suburban districts during the last thirty years has been so great, so manifest that it could not be concealed; hundreds of acres that were fields thirty years ago, being now covered with houses. But when we examine the census of houses in the city proper in 1841 and in 1891, the fraud, or the error, or whatever it is, in the census of the population of the city, becomes apparent. There does not seem to be, unfortunately, any return for the number of houses in the city proper in 1851, but in 1841 there were 18,532. How many there were in 1851 will, therefore, have to be guessed at. There were comparatively few houses erected in Dublin between 1841 and 1851, for the famine years occurred in that decade. We will, therefore, be justified in saying that if there were 18,532 houses in the city proper in 1841, there could not have been more than 20,000 in 1851; but there were 29,368 in 1891, and 13,315 less people than in 1851! Here is an increase of 9,368 houses in forty years in the city proper; and a decrease of 13,315 in the population in the same period! Was there ever known such an instance of fraud or of error? Nine thousand three hundred and sixty-eight houses represent a population of well nigh 100,000 souls; what has become of these in the census returns? Who inhabits those nine thousand and odd houses erected since 1851, or are they houses with nobody living in them? The census commissioners ought to answer these questions.

It may be said that perhaps many, or most of those thousands of new houses erected since 1851 were erected on the tracks of old ones that had fallen to decay. This could not have taken place to any extent, and it is an absolute fact that at least 95 per cent of all the new houses erected during the last forty years in Dublin, were built where no houses had ever stood previously. But not only has this enormous number of new houses been erected recently, many streets contain five times the population they contained forty years ago. In those days they were inhabited by a sort of semi-aristocratic class of small landlords, half-pay officers, etc.; that has almost entirely disappeared; they are now inhabited by the working classes, and each house contains from five to seven families, instead of one. Summer Hill, Gardiner street, Gloster street and many other streets have so changed, and are consequently five times more populous now than they were forty years ago, when Dublin, according to the lying figures of the census contained 13,315 more people than at present.

One notices the great increase in population principally on Saturday evenings. I knew Dublin forty-five years ago, and I can confidently affirm that no such crowds could be seen in any of the leading streets on a Saturday evening as are seen now. I will leave it to anyone who remembers Dublin forty years ago, and who knows it now, to say whether it appears more populous now than then. I know an old Welshman who has been in Dublin for forty years, and he thinks there are three times more people in it now than there were forty years ago. I quote the testimony of a Welshman because he could hardly be influenced by any national or political bias. There cannot be any doubt but that a large percentage of the increase in the population of Dublin and its environs has been at the expense of the country parts of Ireland. Many who were evicted from their little farms in the country have found a sort of miserable refuge in the slums of the capital.

If we examine the published returns of the census of the county Dublin, including the city, we will find the same discrepancy between the number of houses erected since 1841 and its given present population that we find in the city proper. There were 42,221 houses in the entire county in 1841, and a population of 373,000. In 1891 there was a population of only 405,000 in the entire county, and 62,102 houses, an increase in round numbers of 20,000 houses and an increase of only 32,000 in the population. Twenty thousand houses should represent a population of fully 200,000; for in 1841 there were only a little over 18,000 houses in the city proper, and a population of 240,000. If these figures do not show either the biggest fraud or the greatest blundering ever revealed, it would be hard to define what fraud and blundering are. It seems quite clear, taking every evidence into consideration, that Dublin—that is, what is generally called the metropolitan district, including the city proper and the largest suburban townships—contains at east 50,000 persons more than are shown by the census.

The questions that arise are, Are these discrepancies in the published census frauds? Are they errors? If frauds, what motives inspired them?

It is almost an absolute impossibility to regard them as mere errors. Such errors could not have taken place under so well organized an establishment as that which has charge of Irish statistics. What, then, could have been the object of making the population of Dublin appear forty or fifty thousand less than it it? The only explanation of the cause or reason for which the census of Dublin has been "doctored," shows something so horrible that one may well feel shame for his common humanity as he is driven by facts and figures to come to the only possible conclusion to which he can arrive, and that is that the whole thing had for its object the injury of the Irish capital, and to a certain extent, of Ireland in general.

For strangers to understand fully the object of showing the population of Dublin to be less than it is, they should know that Dublin is not only a beautiful city, but by far the most beautifully situated one in the British Isles, or perhaps in Europe. The country around it is superlatively beautiful. It is, in a scenic point of view, and it may be said in a climatic point of view, just the place where wealthy people would want to live. It very naturally attracts a great many people in the tourist season, from foreign countries; but it would attract a great many wealthy people from almost all parts of the world, were it not for its having got a bad name in more ways than one; but the bad name that has injured it most is that of being the most unhealthy city in Europe, whereas it is one of the healthiest, if not the very healthiest city not only in Europe but in the world. Dublin's bad name in the matter of unhealthiness is entirely due to the error or fraud in the census. When the weekly deaths in the metropolitan district are shown in the press to be almost invariably from 10 to 25 per cent. per 1,000 of the population greater than in any city in Great Britain or Europe, people, especially wealthy people, will not, if they can help it, either settle or buy property in it. When the weekly deaths per thousand are based on a population of about 330,000 instead of nearly, if not quite, 400,000, they of course appear from 15 to 25 per cent greater than they really are. It is thought all over England and even in many countries of continental Europe, that Dublin is a very hotbed of disease. When people see the weekly death rate of Dublin put down generally at 30 per 1,000, and that of London at 20 or 22, they very naturally think that the former city is one to be avoided. The evil that this bad name of unhealthiness has done to Dublin is simply incalculable, and it seems to have been caused solely by the falseness of the census. It is quite easy to understand how London and other large English cities would suffer if Dublin was "booming." This shows clearly that the interests of England and Ireland are diametrically opposed. It seems an impossibility to serve one of those countries without injuring the other. The horrible iniquity by which the Galway Packet Company, which established a line of steamers between that port and New York, was destroyed in 1816, and which caused Irish shareholders in the company to lose over half a million of dollars, was as bad as making out false census returns in order to injure Dublin by making it appear the most unhealthy city in Europe.

In order that no one should be able to say that the census figures in the Dublin Directory were not correct, I called on the firm of Thom & Co., and was positively assured that they are the figures of the government census of 1891. And to show that I am not in any way timid as to what I have said in this article, I attach my name in full to it.

T. O. RUSSELL.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

PREMIUM NOTICE.

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only until Aug. 20.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

It Now Has a Foothold in Nearly Every Important City in the United States.

The True Men of the Irish Race Getting Into Line Once More for the Cause of Ireland.

APPROVE OF THE CONVENTION.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 14.—At a regular meeting of the Robert Emmet Association the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of representative Irishmen of the United States is to be held in the near future to devise means to secure the independence of Ireland; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the cause of Ireland has been hampered by factious parliamentary agitation, which at its best could only make her a province instead of a nation; therefore be it

Resolved, That we approve of the proposed convention; that we pledge ourselves to abide by its decision, and guarantee our moral and financial support to the holy cause.

Committee on resolutions: M. J. Barry, Thomas O'Hare, John McCarthy.

MORE AGGRESSIVE AND VIGOROUS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., July 18.—At the last meeting of the A.O.H. of East St. Louis, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of representatives of the Irish race in America has been called for the purpose of adopting a more vigorous policy for the restitution of Ireland's liberties; and

WHEREAS, Parliamentary agitation having ended in ignominious failure through the rejection by the British parliament of Ireland's claims for self-government and the hopeless dissensions in the Irish Parliamentary party; therefore be it

Resolved, That the A.O.H. of East St. Louis is in hearty accord with the objects of the proposed convention, and hereby pledge their moral and financial assistance to any aggressive and vigorous policy in furthering the cause of Irish national independence.

Committee: Daniel McGlynn, Thomas Hanifan, T. J. McDonough, J. J. Rafter, P. F. McKane, P. J. Wallace, J. J. Keane, M. J. Walsh.

MUST DEMAND THEIR RIGHTS.

LOWELL, Mass., July 14.—At a regular meeting of Division No. 8, A.O.H., held on Monday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of Irishmen is about to be called by the most patriotic members of our race in this country for the purpose of devising the best practical means to accomplish the absolute independence of Ireland; and

WHEREAS, The action of the Liberal party in shelving home rule and resigning the government proves that they were not sincere in their profession of sympathy towards the Irish people; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Division No. 8, A.O.H., of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, believe that parliamentary agitation has been given a full and fair trial, and found wanting; and that the only course now open to the Irish people is to demand their rights in a way that will not admit of refusal. Be it further

Resolved, That we hail with delight the proposed New Movement, and pledge our moral and financial support to whatever platform the convention may adopt.

Committee: Michael F. Lyons, John Murray, Patrick Watson, John O'Neil, Thomas J. Maguire.

SOME BOLD STAND SHOULD BE TAKEN.

LOWELL, Mass., July 14—Division 11, A.O.H., have unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, A convention of the Irish race is about to assemble in the near future for the purpose of adopting a declaration of independence for Ireland; and

WHEREAS, The time is drawing nigh when some bold stand should be taken in upholding the principles of Wolfe Tone, Emmet, and others, who sacrificed their early lives for the freedom of their native land; therefore be it

Resolved, The members of Division No. 11, A.O.H., of Lowell, Mass., do hereby heartily endorse the New Movement, and pledge our aid, both morally and financially, to the policy the convention may adopt. Be it further

Resolved, That we desire the hearty co-operation of all true Irishmen, wherever they may be, who wish to see their motherland free from the chains that have bound her for centuries; also, to see her flag float freely in the breeze, the flag of liberty and independence raised above her legislative halls and her parliament once more in College Green.

Committee: Michael J. Bruin, John J. O'Brien, Michael Gardner. President of the Division Michael J. Horan.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Eirghios an fear mór a h-aithle na laoidhe sin go meata miothapaidh agus go h-anbhfann atuirseach no gur chuir tulach eidir é féin agus Fhiannaibh Eireann. Agus ar n-dul thar bhinn na tulcha dó tógadh os meillibh a mhás go lán-árd, agus do ghluais roimhe mar luas ainle no feirbe no mar shidhe gaoithe glóraighe ag dul thar cheann machaire no móirshléibhe i meadhon miosa Márta: ba h-e sin treabhariuas déine agus dioghaire an torann teannratha do bhi leis an bh-fear mór ag fágbháil na tulcha.

Mar do chonnaire each an fhir mhóir a tighearna ag imtheacht uaithe, nior fulaingeadh sin léithe: gidh gur mhór a h-eire agus a h-ualach, do ghluais roimpe i n-a buinne ratha ró-gheur i n-diaidgh a tighearna. Agus mar do chonnaire Fionn agus na Fianna na tri fir deug sin ar chúlaibh Chonáin mhic Mhórna ar each an fhir mhóir agus i ar siúbhal, do sgreadadar le gáir fonómhaide faoi. Agus mar do chonnaire Conán nach raibh ar a chumas tuirling d'each an fhir mhóir, do sgread agus do sgréach ar Fhionn agus ar Fhiannaibh Eireann fá gan é féin do léigeann leis an bh-fear mór firghránna adhfhuathmhar nár bh-feas cá clann no cineál dó, agus do ghabh d'á n-aithisiughadh agus d'á n-imdheargadh. "Neul marbh ós uisge ort," a Fhinn," ar Conán, "mac moghadh no ladrainn na fola anuaisle budh mheasa ná thú féin do mhac athar agus máthar do bhuain do chlann agus do choméad beatha dhiot, muna leanair sinn agus gibé iath no inis no oileán a m-beurfas an fear mór sinn ár d-tabhairt leat go h-Eirinn aris."

Eirghios Fionn agus Fianna na h-Eireann an trá sin, agus do leanadar an Giolla Deacair thar maoilinn gach mór-chnuic, agus go h-isle gach gleanna, agus thar snámh gach inbhir, agus go Sliabh lánaoibhinn Luachra, agus go Tulaigh na Seangbhaoithe d'á n-goirthear Bearna Chabhaig, agus go crich Corca Dhuibhne; agus thug an Giolla Deacair a aghaidh roimhe gach díreach do chum na fairrge falcmhaire fíordhoimhne, agus thar sál-mhuir sreabhuaine, agus beirios Liagán Luaimneach ó Luachair Deaghaidh a dhá láimh i n-iarball eich an Ghilla Dheacair agus do mheas a tarraing chuige i n-diaidh a fuilt aguas a aithfinnaidh agus an lucht sin do bhi uirri do chongbháil. Thug sise suinneadh láidir lánchalma do Liagán Luaimneach agus tarrngios i m-beul mara agus mórfhairrge amach é, agus greamaighios Liagán Luaimneach d'iarball eich an Ghilla an uair sin, agus do bhi an fairrge i n-a maoltonnaibh mór-aibhseacha ag éirighe i n-a n-diaigh agus i n-a tráigh ghaiumhe rómpa in gach áit in a n-gabhdaois.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

For THE CITIZEN.

THE CROMWELL MONUMENT.*

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

No need of marble, granite, bronze or steel
Base Cromwell's infamy to demonstrate;
No chisel, brush, or pen can e'er conceal
The usurper vile! the demon incarnate!
His name is stamped on England's hills and vales
In bloody photographs—the sword—the flame
Assassination, arson, tears and wails
Attest the hellish blight of Cromwell's name;
Murder his minister! base power his aim!
And cutting of throats to him the goal of fame.

His bloodshot eyes were balefires to the free,
His monstrous crimes the dread of every land;
Without one generous spark of chivalry—
The base-born Nero of the Roundhead band
That spawn of anarchy that tore apart
The fabric of a state—pulled down a throne—
To raise to power a regicide upstart—
A dynasty of blood! false Cromwell's own!
Till by his brutal followers overthrown:
What need to carve a wretch like him in stone?

Why raise in bronze this raphsodiac saint
Who murdered—for the Lord—with psalm and prayer
Can chisel carve, or brush of artist paint
The crimes that stain'd this blood-bedraggled slayer?
The stone is raised—the monument is built—
Colossal in proportions! high and broad!
The chronicles of blood and craft and guilt,
Oppressing mankind and reviling God,
Justice and peace dethroned—fair liberty outlawed,
Murder and crime at home—disgrace and shame abroad.

This sycophant of might the commons wooed
Until that nest of monsters slew the king—
In England's noblest, bravest blood imbrued
Their crimson'd hands—as in a flowing spring
The nation bathed in blood, then the assassin turned
His wrath against the house—the pliant slaves
Of his ambition, them the despot spurned
With bayonets cast them out—that herd of knaves;
England was turned to mourning and to graves,
While with the sword he ruled a land of slaves.

To make himself supreme he crushed the crown,
King, lords and commons all were swept away—
Before the despot peace and law went down
And at his feet the ancient empire lay
A mass of ruins, hope and order fled,
The tyrant ruled in blood with sword and flame,
The gore-drenched land oppressed with doubt and dread
Gave up the struggle—bowed her head in shame,
And breathed an endless curse on Cromwell's name.

The record is made up in prose and verse,
No monument can now obscure his crimes,
His history written terrible and terse,
The bloody record of the iron times,
Knave, traitor, charlatan, assassin he
The man of blood—the basest of the base—
Vile foe of freedom—murderer of the free—
Who climbed on human skulls to power and place,
And heaped on England's name profound disgrace.

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*In reply to Swinburne's fictitious eulogy on Cromwell.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK.

At the close of Business July 11, 1895.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$4,796,058.15
Overdrafts		16,295.65
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		467,608.73
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$1,875,238.78	
Due from banks	1,066,439.30	
Checks for Clearings	230,489.22	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	19,250.00	
		3,191,417.30
Total		$8,521,479.83

LIABILITIES.

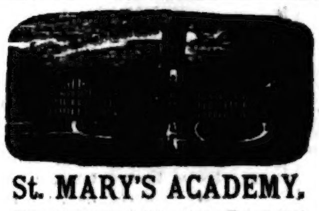
Capital stock paid in		$500,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits		110,160.58
Dividends unpaid		768.00
Bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Individual deposits	$6,079,282.46	
Due banks	1,286,268.79	
		7,365,551.25
Total		$8,521,479.83

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

BARGAINS IN
DIAMONDS
AT
KASPER & BARNES,
McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.
OPEN EVENINGS.



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(One Mile West of Notre Dame University.)
The 80th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 2, 1895.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writing taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escapes. A separate department for children under 12. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy,

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TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
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No Cure. No Pay!
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SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
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150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers n
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove, engine, $6.
per cord delivered
Office and Yard
808 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

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HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.
John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,
Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
133--139 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,
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SHOURDS, ADCOCK & TEUFEL,
STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,
Wholesale Cigars.
Sole Proprietors of
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Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.
122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,
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CITY TICKET OFFICE,
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Only line to
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Hotels open the year round.
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W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.
FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

HE WOULD LIE DOWN.

THE DEACON'S EIGHT YEARS' STRUGGLE WITH OLD BILLY.

For a Time the Strange Performance Interested All Storkville Centre; Then Only Strangers Paid Attention to It—A Flood Ended the Contest.

"Deacon Penguin," said Colonel Calliper, "had a farm on the outskirts of Storkville Centre, Vt. He raised considerable truck, and he was at the Centre most every day. In fact, he and his horse and wagon were about as familiar as any objects in Main street, and in 1852 something happened that drew attention to them more than ever.

"In that year the deacon bought a new horse—a big, gaunt, gray horse, which he called Billy. The gray wasn't a handsome horse, but he was good and strong, and the deacon got him pretty cheap, so he was satisfied. But the second day he drove him into the village something disagreeable happened. When the deacon came out of a store where he had been leaving some vegetables, he found Billy lying down. That was unpleasant. It isn't nice to have a horse that lies down when you are driving him. Deacon Penguin got him up after a good deal of trouble and drove him home. The next day the horse lay down again, and the next, and then it was discovered that he had a habit of lying down, which the horse dealer of whom Deacon Penguin had bought him had forgotten to mention when he sold him to Deacon Penguin.

"The next day when the deacon drove along Main street the people saw around the body of the big gray horse a broad canvas belt, and when the deacon drew up by the curbstone at the store where he generally stopped first they saw sticking up from the top of this belt alongside the saddle of the harness a stout iron ring. Sticking out of the rear of the deacon's wagon were three or four timbers, and what these things were for was very soon seen. The deacon hadn't much more than got into the store before the horse lay down, as usual.

"When the deacon came out, he went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out the timbers. He set them up over the horse. They made a sort of gallows frame—two uprights with a crossbeam between. Right in the middle of the crossbeam on the under side there was a stout iron eye. The deacon went back to the wagon after he had set up this derrick and reached under the seat and pulled out a tackle, one block of which he hooked to the eye set in the crossbeam, while the other block he hooked into the ring in the belt. Then he carried the free end of the rope from the upper block along to a block attached to one of the uprights and then down to and around a drum, to which was attached a handle.

"By the time the deacon had got this derrick rigged it seemed as though all Storkville Centre and the surrounding population were standing on the sidewalk and in the street watching him, and when he set taut on the tackle and the frame began to creak with the horse's weight the interest was something tremendous. Slowly but surely he raised the big gray horse until he had him on his feet again. When Billy's feet touched the ground, he gave up. The deacon unhooked the tackle and carried it back and put it under the seat again, and then he took down the derrick and stowed it in the wagon.

"But the next day the same performance was all gone through with again. It would seem as though Billy ought to have known better. Of course he knew that the deacon was bound to get him every time, but he was mulish about that one habit. He wouldn't give it up. And some people said the deacon was mulish too. He was certainly a very persistent, patient man. He kept the derrick in his wagon always; never unloaded it. He was ready for Billy any time, and whenever he came to town Billy was sure to lie down and the deacon to raise him.

"For a week or ten days the deacon's derrick was the most interesting thing in Main street. A crowd gathered every day to see him lift Billy up, and I suppose that, all things considered, the lifting of Billy, which was continued in that way for eight years, was really the most astonishing thing that ever happened in Storkville Centre. But after a week or two people scarcely paid any more attention to it. The deacon got to be very expert in getting the horse on his feet, and people—that is, Storkville people—paid no more attention to it than they would to a man rolling a barrel of flour into a wagon on a pair of skids. But it was always of interest to strangers. The stranger who happened to see Deacon Penguin getting old Billy on his feet again was pretty sure to think and to say that it was the most curious thing he'd ever seen.

"Well, this went along until the fall of 1860, which was the year they had the great flood in Storkville Centre. There was a little brook running through Deacon Penguin's farm right back of the barn in which old Billy was stabled. Nobody ever dreamed of this little stream ever being anything more than a brook in any kind of weather, but in the great flood it rose to a torrent, and it carried away the old barn and old Billy down into the larger stream that runs through Storkville Centre. The big gray was never heard of in Storkville Centre again, and so nobody could tell how the struggle between him and the deacon might finally have ended."—New York Sun.

Cynicism.

The poor drunkard lay in the gutter while the thoughtless crowd jeered.

Along came the good hearted citizen and placed the unfortunate in a standing position.

"Ah," said the crowd. "He has been there himself." So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—Indianapolis Journal.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

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These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.-0 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

Preachers Made Victims.

"Preachers are the prey of all sorts of swindlers," said a prominent Methodist divine the other day to a group of fellow clergymen who were gathered in the Methodist Book concern in Fifth avenue. "I shall never forget," he continued, "how I was once taken in by what we sometimes call a 'temperance tramp.'"

The solitary layman in the party did not know the definition of "temperance tramp," and in reply to his inquiry the clergyman explained: "A temperance tramp is a man who goes from town to town delivering lectures on temperance. The man I refer to came one Wednesday evening to see me while I was stationed in a country town up in New York state. He presented one or two letters of recommendation from ministers whom I knew and said that he desired to lecture for me. We made over for his use a bedroom in the center of the house. My two sons and a daughter had rooms in the back of the house, and I occupied the front. None of us slept a wink all night—he snored so loud.

"At breakfast the next morning after grace had been said I was serving the oatmeal when the 'temperance tramp' pointed with his knife at the dish, and looking at my lean figure asked disdainfully, 'Do you think that stuff will make you fat?'

"That afternoon a stranger inquired if the so called Rev. Mr. S—— was at my house. I told him that he was. He said, 'Well, I have a warrant for his arrest and have been following him from place to place for the last two weeks.' He was wanted for the larceny of some books in Philadelphia and had besides passed forged checks in various places through the state under assumed names."—New York Herald.

Bryant at Williams College.

The great name which we associate with Berkshire is that of Bryant. At Williams college his only college days were passed. Though he cannot be called with exactness a Berkshire man, he was born in sight of the Berkshire hills, across the Hampshire border, at Cummington. There was spent most of his life up to his twentieth year. He entered Williams as a sophomore in 1810, but remained only seven months. The beauty of his person, his reputation for genius and the dignity and grace of his manner made him a marked figure among his fellows, and had he chosen he might have won their affection as a comrade and made his mark as a scholar. But he was not content, and in May, 1811, he retired.

Something in the atmosphere of the place and of his surroundings he found uncongenial, and he betook himself once more to the retirement of his father's house at Cummington, with a Parthian shot behind him as he left in the shape of a satiric poem upon the town and college, which his friends, out of regard for the fame both of his college and himself, did not for half a century permit to see the light or know the touch of printer's ink. He lived in West college, the oldest of the colleges, and room No. 11 on the third floor is reputed to be the one which he occupied.

Years later the college gave him degrees and enrolled him among her graduates. His desire was to enter Yale, and it is pathetic to know that it was the narrowness of his father's means—himself a scholar and a cultivated gentleman—which prevented him from carrying out his earnest desire.—Arthur Lawrence in Century.

Strange Use of the Teeth.

Mrs. Peary has told what a hard day's work it was for the Eskimo women in her service when they prepared skins for clothing. The women cleaned the skins, and after a certain number of hours spent in masticating hard hides their jaws were quite tired. Polynesian women chewing a particular root so as to prepare a fermented liquor must have an equally hard time of it. Primitive man had to use his teeth much more than we do, for he did not eat with them alone.

Every "osteologist has noticed," writes Professor Mason, "how the teeth in the crania of certain savages are worn to the socket, and we are frequently told that this arises from the large quantity of sand in the food." But it is probable that primitive man used his teeth not alone for the trituration of his food. The teeth set on some small object made a vise, and teeth were used for cutting implements. In basket making the teeth were the ready nippers, and the small branches of osiers must have been peeled by the same means. "Whoever has seen," writes Professor Mason, "an Eskimo boot neatly puckered all around the edge of the sole will not be surprised at the brevity of the good woman's teeth when he comes across her skull in a museum."—New York Times.

A Jehu's Courtesy.

A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend, who had a suit of rooms in a large apartment house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed. It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared, and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself, the prima donna said:

"Well?"

The reply came in a voice heavily charged with irritation.

"I'm a hackman," said the voice, "an I was sent here to git some cussed lady, an I don't know what in time her name is! I've rung ev'ry bell in this housed. Are you her?"

When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him, he coolly replied:

"Well, come on. We'll have to lope it all the way to the hall to get there on time!"—Detroit Free Press.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

A Notable Contest That Was Fought In the Revolutionary War.

Two or three days later word was brought to Ferguson that the Backwater men had come over the mountains; that the Indian fighters of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the western waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's mountain, a wooded, hogback hill on the border line between North and South Carolina, he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe, for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of haste, and choosing out their picked men—the best warriors of the force and the best mounted and armed—they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day, the 6th of October, they rode, too, until in mid afternoon they came in sight of King's mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers. Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them, but they were picked men, confident in their skill with the rifle, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British, but to capture their whole force! The backwoods colonels, counseling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountains and assail it on all sides. Accordingly the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other and soon encircled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson barely had time to marshal his men before the assault was made. Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up, while drawing up his regulars and a few picked militia he charged in person with the bayonet, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell and the other colonels of the frontiersmen led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn when charged by the regulars was forced to give way, for they had no bayonets wherewith to meet their foes, but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped, too, and came back ever closer to the ridge and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen, and, as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body, and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered.—"Hero Tales From American History," by Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.

Without the Fatal Gift of Beauty.

A curious confession was overheard in a Market street car recently. Two young men were engaged in a friendly conversation, when one said:

"Well, old man, you have seen my wife. Now tell me what you think of her."

"She seems to be a most lovable woman. I should say her disposition is angelic, and she is the personification of the good, hard, common sense that is required to make a home happy."

"But don't you think she is a beauty?"

"Well—er—you know"—the evident embarrassment of the truthful friend was painful to everybody in the car. He did not want to lie; neither did he wish to give offense by telling the truth. "That is a hard question to answer. You know ideas of feminine beauty differ greatly. A woman who is absolutely repulsive to one man is the acme of feminine beauty in the eyes of another."

"Ha, ha! I knew I couldn't be mistaken," laughed the young husband, and his friend flushed painfully. "That's all right, old man. I made up my mind to marry the homeliest girl I could find, and I wanted to get your opinion. I am satisfied now that I made no mistake. You know how many of our friends have had their lives wrecked by handsome little dolls for wives. Well, I made up my mind that I would get a wife who would not fascinate every one who came along."—San Francisco Post.

Mrs. Avery and Dr. Buckley.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery is authority for the statement that Dr. Buckley, the anti woman suffrage champion, lacks the sincerity even if he has the courage of his convictions. "My reasons for making this statement," says Mrs. Avery, "are as follows: A summer or so ago Dr. Buckley and the Rev. Anna Shaw met at Chautauqua for the purpose of debating the suffrage question. Aunt Susan (meaning Miss Anthony) and I accompanied Miss Shaw. The evening before the day of the debate Dr. Buckley and Miss Shaw were, in an entirely amicable way, discussing the subject of the future fray, and I myself heard him say, 'Oh, well, there's just one thing—no matter which one of us is right in theory, woman suffrage is certainly coming, it's simply got to come, we can't help seeing that, even those of us who are most opposed to it.' Therefore I say that Dr. Buckley has not the sincerity of his convictions."

SOME OLD TRADE TRICKS.

How They Were Punished Five or Six Hundred Years Ago.

Cheating in trade is no new thing. It was practiced in the fourteenth century as well as in the nineteenth. Our town records contain many cases of summary jurisdiction in matters affecting the price, weight and quality of food, clothing and other things.

I cull a few from the archives of the city of London. In 1848 proceedings were taken against a butcher for selling putrid meat. Three reasons were alleged against this conduct at his trial before the mayor and aldermen. It was deceitful and dishonest; dangerous to the public health; it brought scandal and disgrace upon the mayor, corporation, and all the inhabitants of the city that a Londoner should behave so. After the investigation he was found guilty, and condemned to be taken, with his bad meat carried in front of him, to the pillory in Cornhill, and while he stood therein the carrion he had tried to sell was burned under his nose.

It is well known that the pillory was an instrument in which the culprit was fixed, incapable of movement, exposed to the contempt of the people. The offense of the culprit was always publicly proclaimed, and, according to the views of the spectators, the punishment might be severe or otherwise. If they disliked the offense of the offender, their contempt would take the proverbial and forcible form of rotten eggs and dead cats, and the trader would make a closer acquaintance with his own wares, both raw and cooked, than he might find pleasant.

A publican, convicted of selling unsound and unwholesome red wine, was sentenced to drink a draft of the same stuff which he sold to the common people, the remainder being poured on his head, and compelled to forswear the calling of a vintner in the city of London forever, unless he could obtain the favor of the king. A note on the record states that he was readmitted five years later.

About the same time we find a woman charged with selling ale in a short measure quart pot, the bottom of which she had thickened with pitch and covered with rosemary, to look like bush in the sight of her customers. It was a common practice to put some sort of evergreen leaves in the bottom of tankards—hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." Her sentence was to stand in the "thew," or female pillory, with half of the pot attached to it. As far as possible, the cause of the offense was always exhibited along with the person punished.

Severe punishment was meted out for endeavoring to raise the standard market price of corn and other articles. In 1347 a merchant was imprisoned for 40 days for enhancing the price of his own property. He secretly employed a man to bring certain of his own (the merchant's) wheat to the market, whereupon he bought his own at twopence more per bushel than the market price, of course taking care to make the same well known, forgetting, however, to state what he knew about the seller.—Chicago Herald.

New Treatment For Burns.

A Paris medical man of resources and alternatives had in hand a case of severe and extensive burning, caused by boiling water. So deep was the injury that the healing process was greatly delayed. The patient's family objected to skin grafting, which seemed to be the only way to accelerate the process of recovery, and the doctor, as an experiment, applied the internal membrane of the hen's egg—the white film with which everybody is familiar. The injury must have progressed beyond the suppurative stage and shown signs of healthy healing. A freshly laid egg is broken and the membrane immediately cut into narrow strips and laid carefully across the raw surface, then antiseptic dressings are applied with carbolic solutions, and the whole is covered by tin foil. In a number of cases this procedure has been eminently satisfactory.—New York Ledger.

The Quarter Came Back.

"Excuse me, sir," said a Woodward avenue car conductor to a passenger riding on the platform with him the other morning, "but can you change a quarter?"

"Is it a plugged quarter?" cautiously asked the passenger.

"Yes, sir; plugged in two places."

"Got it about a week ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"From me?"

"Yes, sir."

"No, I can't change it. I carried that old coin around about three months and offered it to at least 50 conductors before you took it, and having finally worked it off I can't take it back. If you want to borrow two tens and a five, all right, but I can't take plugged quarters—can't possibly do it, even to oblige."—Detroit Free Press.

Castles In the Air.

"Castles in the air," to indicate dreaming projects, is an expression which first occurs in the writings of Sidney. It is believed, however, to be much older than his time. In the form "castles in Spain" it is found in the French literature, while the Latins had an expression "castles in Asia," and the Hindoos rendered it as "castles in the moon."

A Little Too Much.

First Humorist—How many jokes can you write a day?

Second Humorist (with dignity)—Do you mean the sort I print or the sort you print?

They do not speak now.—New York Weekly.

The cold of Canada seems to diminish with an increase of population. Between 1828 and 1837 Hudson's bay was closed an average of 184 days every year; now its ice lasts 179 days.

Algiers is so called from the Arabic words Al-Jezair, meaning "a peninsula."

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5030 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

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Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

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Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 220 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2901 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 28th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1233 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 28—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

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Div. 30—Thomas Heslan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; P C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 339 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

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Div 37—John P Deahey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1036 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 589 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 28th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4730 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4030 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 180 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 296 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 495 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cramer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 132 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Bockius, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2050 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 2640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 299 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in s...

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for......$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered......$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered......$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for......$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for......$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only......$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED,
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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face......$10.00

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only......$17.50

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No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail......$10

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HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
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OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for......$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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